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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LETTERS TO JULIA.

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LETTERS TO JULIA,

IN RHYME.

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J'ai vu les mœurs de mon tems, et j'ai publié ces lettres.
ROUSSEAU.

THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

LINES WRITTEN AT AMPTHILL-PARK.

BY HENRY LUTTRELL.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1822.

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PREFACE.

THE plan of the following poem, as it stood in the two former editions, having appeared objectionable, the author has felt disposed to forego whatever, in the way of apology, he might have offered for it, and in its room to adopt another, which, he hopes, will appear to the reader, as it does to himself, less faulty in its construction.

The Julia of this edition has nothing in common with her of the two last, but her Christian-name, her beauty, and her love of power. These, like honour and shame, "from no condition rise," but are distributed at random among the female sex in general. Her name indeed *might*, and, to prevent mistakes, *should* have been altered; but as it made part of the title of the poem in its

former state, such a change might have given it the false appearance of a new publication. The first Julia must be forgiven and forgotten. She has retired and reformed, and the curtain has finally dropped upon her life and manners. Having lightened his frail bark, by throwing overboard this ill-omened passenger, the author ventures to hope that his navigation hereafter may be safe at least, if not prosperous.

Julia the second is a young, rich, handsome widow, basking in the full sunshine of prosperity, and spoiled from her first entrance into life by indulgence and admiration. She has taken a sufficiently high degree in the college of Fashion to make her ambitious of one still higher. The shortest road to this object of her wishes is to accept Charles as a husband, who, being at the head of the *suprême bon ton*, would at once associate her with himself in all the honours and privileges

of that transcendant *caste*. She might thus consult her interests, without any violence to her inclinations, having a preference for him which would soon ripen into love, but for the chilling influence of vanity and caprice. She feels reluctant to subside too quickly from a mistress so humbly courted and extravagantly adored, into a wife, endowed, perhaps, with no greater an amount of matrimonial fondness and attention than she has observed in so many other cases, and may, perhaps, have experienced in her own. Her youth, too, encourages her, widow as she is, to prolong the period of courtship, so pleasant and so unlikely to return, and to delay that of marriage, so full of hazard, and so certain to endure. Having hooked her fish, therefore, she plays him, like a true proficient in the sport, even at the risk of breaking her line, and losing him at last.

Julia is, in short, a finished coquette—one who,

with no fewer foibles, perhaps, than her predecessor, being within the pale of society, is in a position where they may be more safely displayed, and will be more readily pardoned. *Circumstances*, in this lower world of ours, though not every thing, are assuredly a great deal; and have a more powerful influence on the popular estimate of character and conduct than those who are the most lavish of praise and blame appear to suspect, or it might somewhat restrain their prodigality in both. People are too often admired and found fault with, by incompetent judges, like pictures;—not on account of their real excellence or the want of it, but from the light, good or bad, in which they happen to be placed.

As the condition of the Heroine is raised above its former inauspicious level, so, though in a less degree, are the qualities of the Hero. Charles is still a man of pleasure, and a man of the world,

but *du meilleur crû*. His faults are the faults of youth, and to make amends for them, he is, as becomes his age, over head and ears in love with Julia, not as an heiress, but as a woman; which, if he is laughed at for it by one sex, cannot fail to recommend him to the other.

To have painted him thus disinterested and susceptible, may be thought not very consistent with his character, and a fiction beyond the licence of poetry; although, to render it less improbable, the author has reduced his embarrassments down to a light mortgage-weight, and kept him at a safe distance from the Jews. Love, however, is a plant that flourishes under every exposure, and in all soils, natural and artificial. That of London is, certainly, more unfavourable to its growth than any other; checked as it is, in the East by business and money-making,—in the West by dissipation, and still more by ridicule. Yet even *there* it

takes root, and soon becomes too strong even for that last, the most powerful and merciless of all its enemies. Why, then, should not Charles be in love? And what is so likely to wean him from his usual habits,—to render him indifferent to his former occupations and amusements, as the pursuit of a wayward, capricious woman, who enjoys and abuses the advantages of beauty and fortune, and, by alternate attraction and repulsion, keeps him suspended, perhaps for a whole season, between hope and despair? Such causes have full often produced such effects, and will again produce them, even within the jurisdiction of the clubs, and in spite of all the politicians and quizzers thereof. So that, while the present plan has a decided advantage over the last in point of taste and propriety, it seems quite as agreeable, if not more so, to truth and nature.

Another material point has been gained by the

accession of the new Julia. Being now not only engaged, but a very principal character in the scenes here described, she may be presented to the reader, on all occasions, without the least scruple or reserve; whereas her luckless namesake could be no more freely mentioned or alluded to than the market-price of a seat in parliament. The condition of such a person, though not inconsistent with her being aware of what passes in the world, is an insurmountable bar to her taking any share in it. To extinguish, therefore, an irregular star that could only peep in occasionally upon a system to which it did not belong; and, in its room, to light up a brilliant planet, moving regularly and constantly among its kindred-orbs, seems to have been at least a mechanical improvement. The author is now enabled to string his beads and berries on a closer and stronger thread of connexion than that which, he is conscious, held them too loosely together before.

In the former title-page, the word "Advice" stood, rather too repulsively, like a surly porter, or a barking dog, at the very threshold of a poem *intended*, at least, to be cheerful. This downright name for an unwelcome thing being now withdrawn, those readers may take courage whom it kept aloof from an apprehension that, "contrary to the intentions of the founder," they were to be lectured, instead of amused. Some passages in the poem itself have necessarily been altered;—others entirely omitted, as no longer applicable to the persons referred to. In the room of these, several additions have been made, as fresh ideas, connected with his subject, occurred to the author. *Some* of the first letter, still *more* of the second and third, and the *greatest part* of the fourth, is entirely new; the whole having been here divided into four letters, in order to afford resting-places to the reader, and thus to remove a sense of tediousness perhaps inseparable from

an unbroken continuation either of narrative, description, or reflection.

If, for any other reason than the want of these necessary pauses, it before appeared too long, and, in spite of their being now supplied, still appears so, the author can only lament what is beyond his power to remedy. The fault must be in himself, and not in his subject, which, from its variety and extent, is susceptible of every illustration and ornament that poetry can afford it. Connected with life and manners,—with every object, in short, natural and artificial, in town and country, it may be ill-managed, but can hardly be exhausted, in the number of lines here allotted to it. The poem thus limited, can therefore be long in no other sense than that of being tiresome.

For this defect he alone is to blame, who, with such excellent tools and materials has proved himself so indifferent a workman. He is, em-

phatically, a *bad* writer; since the object of all writing is to please or to instruct, and dulness cannot fail to defeat them both. "Piety" itself (as Dr. South, in his sermons, assures us) "enjoineth no man to be dull;" and if so, what other motive of less importance can even excuse it? The *genre ennuyeux* is, in truth, the very worst that can be dealt in, and, as such, strictly prohibited in the public market, under the heavy penalty of neglect and oblivion. Yet, perhaps, the author may not, after all, stand convicted of this contraband trade. Since his poem, with all its former imperfections on its head, has been purchased, he may presume it has been read, and, in some measure, approved of. Under this impression he is naturally anxious that no blemish, in his power to remove, should remain an obstacle to its more general circulation. How far he has succeeded in the present attempt to mould it into

a more attractive shape, must be left to the decision of the reader.

What, all along, he has anxiously aimed at, is, that his language should be grammatical, his rhymes correct, and his meaning plain. And as care and attention, assisted by a moderately good ear and a common education, are all the means required for this end, he may hope that he has, generally, attained it. With grammar it seems hardly fair in an author to dispense; since hunting the nominative case and verb through intricacies and involutions without end, with a chance of losing the scent and being thrown out at last, is, even over the finest poetical country, but sorry sport. To write obscurely is still worse policy. What the reader is trying "painfully to construe, and darkly to understand," he can but imperfectly feel and admire. There is no being at once puzzled and pleased. In vain is part of

a thought or expression bright and clear, if the rest, like the unilluminated disk of an increasing or waning moon, reflects a glimmering so faint and uncertain as hardly to differ from total darkness.

Then if, according to the opinion of a great judge and master of *all* measures, there is in that of eight syllables such a "dangerous facility," why must it be aggravated by the frequent admission of such terminations as refuse to rhyme either to the eye or the ear? It is this very carelessness that has, in truth, produced the unwholesome facility in question. A more scrupulous choice would be found to diminish it, at the expense of a little more trouble to the writer perhaps, but greatly to the relief and satisfaction of the reader. To abuse the latitude which this measure so liberally affords of single, double, and even triple rhymes, by negligence and harshness

in them all,—to affect to go in poetical harness, and yet slip the neck, at every turn, out of so light and easy a collar,—these are the vicious or lazy tricks of a nag with little of the Pegasus-breed or blood in him.

One advantage the verse of eight syllables, when not thus degraded and abused, has been considered to possess over the heroic couplet. It expresses the thought more neatly and compactly, without the encumbrance of those unmeaning epithets too often invited into the ten syllable-line, as humdrum people are to an assembly, not for the pleasure of their company, but for the room they occupy. Their use in this respect is happily illustrated by Swift, in a passage that may here be recalled to the reader's recollection, as a proof what spirit and effect may be combined with the utmost correctness of style and versification:

. . . . . "epithets they link
"In gaping lines to fill a chink,

"Like stepping-stones to save a stride
"In streets where kennels are too wide;
"Or like a heel-piece to support
"A cripple with one foot too short;
"Or like a bridge to join a marish
"To moorlands of a different parish.
"So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
"Drag different ways in miry grounds;
"So geographers in Africk-maps
"With savage pictures fill their gaps,
"And o'er unhabitable downs
"Place elephants for want of towns."

Even when constructed by the best workmen, the heroic couplet is often filled with too much of this mortar, or rather rubbish, in proportion to its solid masonry, and thus becomes too feeble for what it has to support. Its force, like that of many a tall man, is not on a par with its length. Lines, as well as boxers, of more moderate dimensions, are generally the strongest, and instead

of dealing roundabout blows, strike straight forward and home. But when framed of the first slovenly phrases, and slip-shod rhymes that occur to an indolent writer, they degenerate into mere doggrel; and, unless redeemed by exuberant wit or meaning, seem hardly worth committing to paper.

Poets we have, indeed, among us, who, like their great predecessors, can afford to be occasionally ungrammatical, inharmonious, and obscure, since these faults are atoned for by their commanding genius. With that dazzling shield, at least, they blind and subdue the critics and the public. Such is the energy of these master-spirits, when wide awake, that they may well be permitted, now and then, to nod with impunity. But let it be remembered by men of ordinary powers, that their reputation and success was not acquired, and is not sustained, by *means*, but in *spite* of these in-

firmities; and that for others who cannot rival their beauties, it is neither modest nor safe to plead the example of their defects.

A sense of duty, no less than of interest, should engage every author of moderate abilities and pretensions to write as correctly as he can. It will be a proof that, at least, he respects and wishes to conciliate those whom he cannot hope to enchant or astonish. Though unable to soar, he surely need not grovel. His object is either fame or profit: the issues of both are in the hands of the public, and not much of either is likely to be awarded to a candidate whose natural mediocrity has been wilfully aggravated by such gross errors as owe their birth to negligence alone; —such as common attention would have enabled, and common prudence should have prompted him to avoid.

LETTERS TO JULIA.

TO JULIA.

LETTER I.

LETTER I.

A Remonstrance——Hyde-Park——The Ride——The Promenade——Almack's——Newmarket——Topics of the Day——Sketch of a Small-talker——The Park on Sundays——A Lover of the Picturesque——A Shower——Kensington-Gardens——A retired Boxer——The Serpentine—in Winter—in Summer——A submissive Lover——The Mysteries of Dress——Importance of the Cravat——An Apostate Beau——A modern Dinner——When to venture out.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

TO JULIA.

LETTER I.

JULIA, in vain, from three to four,
Day after day, I haunt your door.
In vain, betokening many a call,
My cards lie scattered in your hall,
Or crowd your chimney-piece by dozens.
Is this the way folks use their cousins?
'Tis thus you treat me, Julia, is it?
Well, well, I shan't repeat my visit.
My patience is at last o'ercome
By your pert porter's "not at home."

Trust me, both you and he will stare
When next I'm seen in Portman-Square;
And, since you shun me, conscience-smitten,
What can't be spoken must be written.

Young, beautiful, of gentle blood,
The flower of early widowhood,
With Nature's charms, and Fortune's plenty
Showered on a head of two-and-twenty,
Julia, to men with hearts and eyes,
Faith, you're a tempting, glorious prize.
But if more tempting still, no matter,
Fair cousin, I disdain to flatter.
Beauties must sometimes take jobations,
And bear with humdrum from relations.
Others, as fair as you, have fretted,
First mother-spoiled, then husband-petted,
At the first sound of aught sincere
Grating harsh music on their ear.

So listen, Julia. Truth to you,
Howe'er unwelcome, must be new.
And if it hurt your pride, why, let it.
You want a lecture, and must get it.

Long wooed, and meaning to be won,
Why have you thus poor Charles undone? (1
Say to what purpose, to what end
You thus coquet it with my friend?
Why will you thus monopolize
His words and thoughts, his ears and eyes?
Why rob him of his dearest treasure
In every moment of his leisure?
Must pranks like these be played to prove
How far a slave is gone in love
Who, mastered by his head-strong passion,
Adores you—till he's out of fashion?

No, never have I known a change
In man so sudden and so strange;

A revolution so entire
In every habit and desire.
Time was, he minded not a feather
If it was bright or cloudy weather,
Nor what Moore's almanack foretold
Of wind or rain, of heat or cold;
But joined his cronies in the Park,
" Fellows of likelihood and mark,"
In trot or canter, on the backs
Of ponies, hunters, chargers, hacks,
Proud to display their riders' graces
Through all imaginable paces,
From walks and ambles up to races.
Or on an Andalusian barb
Alone, in military garb,
With shoulders duly braced, and back'd head,
And regimental air, contracted
On service in his last campaign,
From overrunning France and Spain,

Guided, with skilful, gentle force,
Each motion of his managed horse.
Now dashing on, now lounging slow,
Through the thronged ride, to Rotten Row.

There ancient gentlemen come forth
Screened from the breezes of the north,
To bask them in the province won
From winter by the southern sun;
When birds on leafless branches sing,
And the last days of April bring
A lame apology from Spring.
There, on their easy saddles, pumping
Fresh air into their lungs by bumping,
Under the lee of wood and wall
They nod and totter to their fall;
Their only business to contrive
The ways and means to keep alive,
And, if permitted by the Fates,
Encumber long their sons' estates;

Which, in compassion to the Jews,
The Fates aforesaid oft refuse.

But when from violated May
Winter's rude form is chased away,
When skies more blue and bright appear,
And sunshine marks the ripened year,
Charles in his Tilbury would roll,
Or, in the evening, gently stroll
Where all the Town, arrayed *en masse*,
Disputes each inch of withered grass,
As if some spell their steps had bound
Fast to that single spot of ground.
Where countless wheels together dash,
Swift whirling—and, amidst the crash,
Horse jammed with foot, in gay confusion,
Just manage to escape contusion,
Wedging their shoulders into carriages,
To make reports of balls and marriages ;

Of passports just obtained, or missed
For Almack's on each Lady's list;
What names of all the young and fair,
High-born and rich, are blazoned there;
Who are returned as sick, and who dead,
Among the luckless girls excluded.
Nor marvel that a prize which, won
Is capital, and yields to none
In the World's lottery—when lost,
Not health alone, but life should cost.

Say you, to whom in beauty's pride
This paradise is opened wide,
While its inexorable portals
Are closed against less favoured mortals,
Have you not marked how one rejection
Has spoiled a blooming nymph's complexion?
Have you not known a second leave her
In strong convulsions or a fever?
And can you doubt the tales you've heard
Of what has happened from a third?

All on that magic LIST depends;
Fame, fortune, fashion, lovers, friends:
'Tis that which gratifies or vexes
All ranks, all ages, and both sexes.
If once to Almack's you belong,
Like monarchs, you can do no wrong;
But, banished thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove, you can do nothing right.

There, baffled Cupid points his darts
With surer aim, at jaded hearts;
And Hymen, lurking in the porch,
But half conceals his lighted torch.
Hence the petitions and addresses
So humble to the Patronesses;
The messages and notes, by dozens,
From their Welch aunts, and twentieth cousins,
Who hope to get their daughters in
By proving they are founder's kin.
Hence the smart miniatures enclosed
Of unknown candidates proposed; (2)

Hence is the fair divan at Willis's
Beset with Corydons and Phillises,
Trying, with perseverance steady,
First one, and then another Lady,
Who oft, you've told me, don't agree,
But clash like law and equity;
Some for the Rules in all their vigour,
Others to mitigate their rigour.

How shall my Muse, with colours faint
And pencil blunt, aspire to paint
Their high-raised hopes, their chilling fears,
Entreaties, threatenings, smiles, and tears!
The vainest Beauty will renounce
Her newly smuggled blonde or flounce;
The gamester leave a raw beginner;
The diner-out forego his dinner;
The stern reformer change his notions,
And wave his notices of motions;

The bold become an abject croucher,
And the grave giggle—for a voucher;
Too happy those who fail to nick it
In stumbling on a single ticket.
See, all bow down—maids, widows, wives
As sentenced culprits beg their lives,
As lovers court their fair ones' graces,
As politicians sue for places;
So these, by sanguine hopes amused,
Solicit,—and are so refused.

Hark where in yonder group they chatter
Of many a less important matter,
Touching no more on any theme
Than just enough to skim the cream.
If there 's to-day as great a show
Of beauty as a week ago?
Whose curricle is that? and whether
Those iron-greys step well together?

If Ebers better suits than Waters
Our opera-going wives and daughters?
If the French play succeeds, that trade
So thriving once to Mr. Slade?
They talk of levees, royal fêtes,
Of strong divisions, hot debates,
Of motions, speeches, names misquoted
In the last list of those who voted;
Of the undoers and undone
By sums at Brooks's lost or won;
Where play unfathomably deep,
From night till morning murders sleep;
And acres take their leave, and fly
Away on wings of ivory.

Thence to Newmarket and the races
They shift, and tell of lengthened faces,
When for their debts Black Monday calls
Folks to account at Tattersall's;

Of all the baffled hedger feels
When *legs* are taking to their *heels*;
How suddenly aghast he looks,
When his, the paragon of books,
That Book whose value far outshone
Lord Spencer's famed Decameron,
Becomes, hey, presto! quick as thought,
Not worth the fraction of a groat!

But still, whatever cause they call,
Scandal, dear scandal, seasons all.
Here barefaced lies, there playful sallies,
These aimed in sport, and those in malice,
Assail the absent, who among
Their friends are always in the wrong:
But, since 'tis clear no earthly face is
At the same moment in two places;
Since, thus, on every side are hurled
Detraction's darts throughout the world,

Shall not her feeblest victims be
Armed with enough philosophy,
Calmly the common ill to bear,
Which thus with all Mankind they share?

Such is the tattle of our Beaus.
These mingled elements compose
Where'er you drive, or ride, or walk,
The *Macedoine* of London-talk. (3)
What if the mixture strange appear
To Squires? should *they* affect to sneer,
Let them in earnest, or in fun, try
If they can match it in the country;
If of their fabric any particle
Is equal to our town-made article;
If their choice topics are as charming,
Their justice-ing, or hounds, or farming;
At which, o'er-jaded by the labour
Of listening, tenant nods, and neighbour;

Nay, the poor chaplain shakes his head,
And steals, unbeneficed, to bed.

How much at home was Charles in all
The talk aforesaid—nicknamed small!
Never embarrassed, seldom slow,
His maxim always, "touch and go."
Chanced he to falter? A grimace
Was ready in the proper place;
Or a chased snuff-box, with its gems
And gold, to mask his has and hems,
Was offered round, and duly rapped;
Till a fresh topic could be tapped.
What if his envious rivals swore
'Twas jargon all, and he a bore?
The surly sentence was outvoted,
His jokes retailed, his jargon quoted;
And while he sneered or quizzed or flirted,
The world, half angry, was diverted.

Now is the clatter of his mill,
With all its rush of waters, still;
His chimes are motionless become,
His ear-subduing larum dumb.
Now seldom seen, more seldom heard,
He shrugs—but utters scarce a word,
And bears about, like muzzled hound,
"A tongue chained up, without a sound!"

Once would he loiter, ere 'twas dark,
With Nymphs and Satyrs in the Park:
The Park! that magnet of the town,
That idol to which all bow down!
Mount, Julia, ('tis the noon of May)
Mount your barouche, or dappled grey,
And on some gentle elevation
Pranked in new verdure, take your station.
See how the universal throng,
Borne in one swelling tide along,

Crowds to its turf-clad altars, there
To beg the blessing of fresh air!
Throughout the week, but most on one day
Enjoyed beyond all others—Sunday,
With many a mutual punch and shove,
To Hyde-Park-Corner on they move,
Like bees, that, when the weather's warm,
Grow weary of their hives and swarm:
All active on that day of rest;
Pressing on every side, and pressed
In Phebus' eye, from east to west,
With a fair chance, while thus they busy 'em,
To sleep that evening in Elysium. (4)

Observe that truant from his desk,
Staunch lover of the picturesque,
Whose soul is far above his shop!
Sudden he bids his charmer stop,
And the proud landscape, from the hill, eye
Which crowns thy terrace, Piccadilly.

"My dear," he cries, "while others hurry,
"Let us look over into Surry.
"Mark how the summer-sun declines,
"Yet still in full-orbed beauty shines!
"Mark how on fire beneath his beams,
"The fret-work of the Abbey gleams,
"As on its towers a golden flood
"Is poured above the tufted wood!"
While thus the dilettante gazes,
And revels in poetic phrases,
His charmer, (kindred spirits, see
The force of heaven-born sympathy)
Is busied in a tasteful trial
To spell the hour upon the dial!

Meanwhile the mighty snow-ball gathers.
Lads, lasses, mothers, children, fathers,
All equal here, as if the pavement
To level them were like the grave meant,
As if one will informed the whole,
Press onward to a common goal.

Here mingle, in one mass confounded,
All shapes, all sizes, slim, and rounded,
With all imaginable features
That e'er distinguished human creatures.
Nor less their habits disagree:
Some have, at sunset, risen from tea;
Some linger on, till Dusk, at nine,
Bids them retire to dress and dine.
The same delights together jumble
The rich and poor, the proud and humble.
The' enfranchised tradesman, when he stirs,
Here, jostles half his customers.
Here, in a rage, the Bond-street spark
Is bearded by his father's clerk;
While yon proud dame (O sad event) is
Out-elbowed by her own apprentice!

What goads them on?——The influence
Of Nature and of Common Sense.
Thus shaking off the weekly yoke
Of business and its weekly smoke,

They give their gasping lungs fair play,
And their cramped limbs a holiday;
With verdure thus refresh their eyes,
And purchase health by exercise.
Thus, (since like others less polite
Fine folks have lungs, and limbs, and sight,
All destined to the same employment,
All eager for the same enjoyment),
Here Sense and Nature have it hollow,
And Fashion is constrained to follow;
To join the vulgar happy crew,
And fairly do as others do.

Of this thy progeny be proud,
O England! though a motley crowd.
Can Europe or the world produce,
Alike for ornament and use,
Such models of stout active trim men,
Or samples of such lovely women?

Such specimens of order, dress,
Health, comfort, in-bred cleanliness,
As here displayed, the summer-sun
Lingering seems proud to shine upon?

But, O! the treachery of our weather,
When Sunday-folks are met together!
Its tempting brightness scarce matured,
How suddenly the day's obscured!
Bless me, how dark!—Thou threatening cloud,
Pity the *un-umbrella'd* crowd.
The cloud rolls onward with the breeze.
First, pattering on the distant trees
The rain-drops fall—then quicker, denser,
On many a parasol and spencer;
Soon drenching, with no mercy on it,
The straw and silk of many a bonnet.
Think of their hapless owners fretting,
While feathers, crape, and gauze are wetting!

Think of the pang to well-dressed girls,
When, pinched in vain, their hair uncurls,
And ringlets from each lovely pate
Hang mathematically straight!
As off, on every side, they scour,
Still beats the persecuting shower,
Till, on the thirsty gravel smoking,
It fairly earns the name of soaking.
Breathless they scud; some helter-skelter
To carriages, and some for shelter;
Lisping to coachmen drunk or dumb
In *numbers*—while no numbers come.
Some in their clinging clothes so lank,
Others so bouncing, all so blank,
With sarsnets stained, with stockings splashed,
With muslins prematurely washed,
Enraged, resigned, in tears, or frowning,
Look as if just escaped from drowning;
While anxious thoughts pursue them home,
Whence their next Sunday-dress must come.

Poor Charles! No creature sees him, late,
'Twixt Stanhope-street and Apsley-gate; (5)
Where loth to miss, yet, should he meet you,
He dreads to hear a rival greet you;
One whom your softened looks and voice
Should speak the object of your choice.
To see him, sauntering up the ride,
Hang o'er the saddle, at your side,
Or snugly seated in your carriage,
Talking, ye gods, perchance—of marriage!

In his loved walks he wanders not;
Nor lounges in that favourite spot,
Where, coasting on a rural plan
As near the chimneys as they can,
Crowds, by that tyrant custom yoked,
Meet every summer, to be choked,
Finding dust pleasanter, no doubt,
With fashion—than fresh air, without.

Not like the vulgar folks, who run
To thy fair gardens, Kensington,
To tread on verdure, and inhale
The freshness of the western gale.
Who hasten to the calm retreats
Of those alcoved old-fashioned seats
Where vows uncouth in hobbling rhymes
Betray the loves of former times,
With dates exact of Beauties reckoned
So killing—under George the Second.
Where Cockneys, duly taught that fame
Howe'er achieved is but a *name,*
Have proved they had it in their blood,
By tampering with the unconscious wood,
To be immortal—if they could.

Do, let some sunny day be chosen,
And ramble in these gardens, cousin.
There mark what formal parties flit
In silence by, or primly sit

On the same bench, 'tis doubtful whether
Huddled by chance or choice together.
'Twere hard, methinks, their fate to brook,
Were they not happier than they look,
While jocund Spring with all its flowers,
In vain leads on the *laughing* Hours.
In vain the chesnut on their sight
Bursts in full blossoms, silver bright;
Lilacs their purple cones unfold,
Or rich laburnums stream in gold.
No smile is on their lips, no word
Of cheerful sound among them heard,
As if all virtue lay in gravity,
And smiles were symptoms of depravity.
O! that some undertaker had of 'em
A score or two! He'd be so glad of 'em
To teach his mutes less lively paces,
And sadden their too merry faces! (G)

If, Julia, ere your rambles end,
You chance to meet my dismal friend,

Start not. Of all you see, no phiz is
More blank, more woe-begone than his is.
Say, can a lover, half refused,
And half accepted, be amused?
A swain now confident, now moping,
Sometimes despairing, sometimes hoping?
By you disheartened, he despises
All his accustomed exercises.
No more with pliant arm he stems
The tide or current of the Thames.
Indulges in his favorite sport
No longer at the tennis-court,
Nor, with the heroes of the wicket,
Revives his Eton-days at cricket.

I doubt if he has pluck remaining
To venture on a six weeks' training,
Since Love has sounded a retreat
From rubbing, racing, and raw meat.

Once, on the Fancy how he doted!
Never was amateur so noted.
Never contended with the fist
So promising a pugilist.
But hold.—His prowess to describe
Asks all the jargon of the tribe;
And though enough to serve my turn
From "*Boxiana*" I might learn,
Or borrow from an ampler store
In the bright page of THOMAS MOORE,
Too rich in both to grudge a bit
Either of poetry or wit,
Yet ladies of your gentle taste
Would find such learning, here, misplaced.

Past are those glories! Now, it ruffles
His temper but to hear of muffles:
Him at the Fives-Court, him at Moulsey
Never henceforward will a soul see.

No, Julia. Who would be a boxer
When she he dotes on vows it shocks her?
Or who, forbid'n by Beauty, chooses
But in her cause to hazard bruises?

The Serpentine, that Prince of Rivers,
(But name it, how the recreant shivers!)
Tempts him no more to roam at large in
The throngs that hasten to its margin
What time the slanting wintry sun
Just skirts the' horizon, and is gone;
When from his disk a short-lived glare
Is wasted on the clear cold air;
When the snow sparkles, on the sight
Flashing intolerable white;
And, swept by hurried feet, the ground
Returns a crisp and crushing sound.

There, once, well strapped from point to heel,
Glided his foot on glittering steel,
Like a light vessel on her keel;

And, rapid as the viewless wind,
Left all his rivals far behind.
While they, poor fellows, for their pains,
Too happy to compound for sprains,
Tumbled, to edify the Town,
On every side, like ninepins, down.

Never were yet achieved by skaits
Such outside edges, threes, and eights,
As when he wheeled and circled, scorning
The "mighty crack's" prophetic warning
That soon the fetters were to break
That bound the surface of the lake.
Well knew he to retreat in time.
For—have you seen a Pantomime,
Where, at the waving of a wand,
Or word of magical command,
Trap-doors, for ghosts to disappear,
Start open, as its end draws near?
Thus, when the necromancer, Thaw,
Gives to his subject-streams the law,

Woe to the loiterers! In a trice
Splits, far and wide, the treacherous ice,
Plunging (if only to the chin
How lucky!) many a victim in.

Here, Julia, first ('tis talked of yet)
You and your destined lover met.
Here first, while many a nymph admired him,
Your frozen fur-clad beauties fired him.
Sweet was your eye's bewitching blue,
Although your lips were azure too.
Soft was your cheek, though thence the rose
Strayed, frost-directed, to your nose.
But never be your temper ruffled
By hues so whimsically shuffled.
Reflect how soon those wandering graces
Are settled in their native places;
How the blood mantles, how the eyes
Sparkle from air and exercise;

And every charm which Frost withdraws
Returns, with interest, when it thaws.

Think, if your features grow less pleasing,
Thus cooled below the point of freezing,
How oft on shapes, though closely wadded,
Love takes his stand, and proves his Godhead,
Sending, through folds on folds, his dart
Unblunted to the destined heart:
So magnets, moved beneath, enable
Needles to caper on a table;
So, through conductors, in the dark
You've seen conveyed the electric spark.
What if Love's fires, in frost and snow,
But metaphorically glow
With unsubstantial heat?—You know it's
Quite fierce enough to warm the poets.

Well may the coyest of the Nine
Be proud to sing the Serpentine;

For never breeze has swept, nor beam
Shed light upon a luckier stream.
'Tis but a brook, whose scanty source
Hard by, just struggles in its course,
But scarce has reached, slow trickling thence,
The bounds of royal influence,
When, such the favour and protection
That flows from interest and connexion,
'Tis bidden a nobler form to take,
And spreads and widens to a lake.

But poets of a loftier mood
Than mine, should celebrate the flood;
Numbers more musical should tell
What beauties on the margin dwell.
Here frown, 'tis true, no hills gigantic,
Of towering height and shapes romantic;
Here are no torrents, caves, nor rocks,
No sweeping blasts, nor thunder-shocks;

And, though their absence is a pity,
I must confess it,—no banditti:
No echoes wake, within thy bounds,
From deep-toned horn, or deep-mouthed hounds,
As, hotly chased from crag to crag,
Bursts in full speed the panting stag;
Nor, when unruffled by a storm,
Does thy clear wave reflect the form
Of some rude castle, seat sublime
Of war, and violence, and crime;
Nor can I summon to my verse
One sounding syllable in Erse;
Nor paint, alas! as Scott has done,
The glories of the setting sun,
When monks are chanting choral hymns on
A lake on fire with gold and crimson,
And o'er them comes the fragrant breath
Of Evening from the purple heath.
What though *our* Lake, when sultry day dies,
Can boast—not one, but many Ladies?

No damsel here,——but hold, I falter,
Nor dare pursue the steps of Walter,
Nor his who dips the crystal surge in
Fair Musidora, conscious virgin, (7)
And her bathed beauties, by and by, lands.
In short—Hyde-Park is not the Highlands.

But, though adorned with none of these,
Still we have lawns, and paths, and trees.
Why should our landscape blush for shame?
'Tis fresh and gay, if flat and tame.
None view it awe-struck or surprised;
All own 'tis smart and civilized.
Here are the Royal Gardens seen,
Waving their woods of tufted green
Above the Powder Magazine:
Beyond it, the sub-ranger's villa,
Where, once, lay anchored the flotilla
To stir us up with warlike rage meant,
In peace-time, by a mock engagement.

Next come, to furnish due variety,
The sheds of the Humane Society,
And, winding among all, a drive
With gigs and curricles alive.
At length behold the smooth cascade,
Born of the trowel, rule and spade,
Near which, perchance, some truant urchin
(His maudlin mother left the lurch in)
For halfpence with his play-mate wrangles,
Or with a pin for minnows angles;
Or coaxes from her callow brood
The dingy matron-swan, for food,
And eyes her ruffled plumes, and springs
Aside, in terror of her wings.

These charms, and more than these, are thine,
Straight though thou art, O *Serpentine!*
Soft blows the breeze, the sun-beams dance
And sparkle on thy smooth expanse.

To thy cool stream the deer confides
His branching horns, and dappled sides;
And cattle on thy shelving brink
Snuff the sweet air, or stoop to drink.
There (as a merry making gathers
Young children round their old grand fathers,)
Trees meet in all their generations,
From withered stumps to new plantations,
Backed by the "glittering skirts" of London, (8)
Its buildings now in shade, now sunn'd on.
And though 'twould any tourist gravel
Or home or foreign be his travel,
In rummaging his sketch-book through
To find a more enlivening view,
Yet, to go further and fare worse,
Folks waste their time, and drain their purse!

Mark where, in spring, the grass between
Each dusty stripe looks fresh and green.

Methinks I trace the russet track
Worn by the hoofs of Charles's hack,
Practised to tread, with gentle pace,
The paths of that enchanting place.
That gentle pace I see him check,
Throw the loose reins on *Sancho*'s neck,
And from the saddle, at his ease,
Enjoy the landscape and the breeze.
There move the nymphs, in mingled ranks,
On to the river's gravelly banks,
Glancing between the rugged boles
Of ancient elms their parasols,
Whose hues—but similes must fail.
A rainbow, or a peacock's tail,
Or painter's pallet, to the eye
Scarce offers such variety
As the protecting silk which shades
At once, and decks these lovely maids,
While smartly spencered, ev'n the ugly
Beneath its cupolas look smugly.

Meantime, escaped their eastern dens,
A crowd of sober citizens,
Thus tempted, seem to have forgot
Their Sunday's lesson,—" Covet not,"
And in the mirror of these waters
Admire each other's wives and daughters,
Who linger where the river shelves,
Not backward to admire themselves.

Poor love-sick Charles, from scenes so gay
By moody passion kept away!
Thither he spurs his hack no more,
But votes the whole concern a bore;
Has weaned his feet from ice and skaits,
And left to Cocker threes and eights.
The breeze may blow, the sun may shine,
He 's never at the Serpentine:
In vain the girls and deer so fallow
Sport on its banks,—he swears 'tis yellow,

And wonders he could ever dream
Of beauty in so foul a stream.

Dark are the mists exhaled from passion.
How have they dimmed this glass of fashion!
Julia, to you the loss we owe
Of all that 's perfect in a Beau.
You've marred the model, bent the rule,
Disgraced and broken up the school
Where unfledged coxcombs, newly caught,
Were, by his bright example, taught
More in one season, than their peers
Now master in a dozen years.

But how shall I, unblamed, express
The awful mysteries of DRESS?
How, all unpractised, dare to tell
The art sublime, ineffable,
Of making middling men look well;

Men who had been such heavy sailers
But for their shoe-makers and tailors?
For as, when steam has lent it motion
'Gainst wind and tide, across the ocean,
The merest tub will far outstrip
The progress of the lightest ship
That ever on the waters glided,
If with an engine unprovided;
Thus Beaus, in person and in mind
Excelled by those they leave behind,
On, through the world, undaunted, press,
Backed by the mighty power of Dress;
While folks less confident than they
Stare, in mute wonder,—and give way.

Charles was a master, a professor
Of this great art—a first-rate dresser
Armed at all points, from head to foot,
From rim of hat to tip of boot.
Above so loose, below so braced,
In chest exuberant, and in waist

Just like an hour-glass or a wasp,
So tightened, he could scarcely gasp.
Cold was the nymph who did not dote
Upon him, in his new-built coat;
Whose heart could parry the attacks
Of those voluminous Cossacks,
Those trowsers named from the barbarians
Nursed in the Steppes—the Crim-Tartarians,
Who, when they scour a country, under
Those ample folds conceal their plunder.
How strange their destiny has been!
Promoted, since the year fifteen,
In honour of these fierce allies,
To grace our British legs and thighs.
But fashion's tide no barrier stems;
So the *Don* mingles with the *Thames!* (9)

Yet weak, he felt, were the attacks
Of his voluminous Cossacks;
In vain to suffocation braced
And bandaged was his wasp-like waist;

In vain his buckram-waded shoulders
And chest astonished all beholders;
Wear any coat he might, 'twas fruitless;
Those shoes, those very boots were bootless
Whose tops ('twas he enjoined the mixture)
Are moveable, and spurs a fixture;
All was unprofitable, flat,
And stale without a smart CRAVAT,
Muslined enough to hold its starch;
That last key-stone of Fashion's arch!

"Have you, my friend," I've heard him say,
"Been lucky in your turns to-day?— (10)
"Think not that what I ask alludes
"To Fortune's stale vicissitudes.
"Or that I'm driven from *you* to learn
"How cards, and dice, and women turn,
"And what prodigious contributions
"They levy, in their revolutions:

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

" I ask not if, in times so critical
" You've managed well your turns political,
" Knowing your aptitude to rat.
" My question points to—your Cravat.
" These are the only turns I mean.
" Tell me if these have lucky been?
" If round your neck, in every fold
" Exact, the muslin has been rolled,
" And, dexterously in front confined,
" Preserved the proper set behind;
" In short, by dint of hand and eye,
" Have you achieved a perfect tie?

" Should yours (kind heaven, avert the omen!)
" Like the cravats of vulgar, low men,
" Asunder start—and, yawning wide,
" Disclose a chasm on either side;
" Or should it stubbornly persist,
" To take some awkward tasteless twist,

" Some crease indelible, and look
" Just like a dunce's dog's-eared book,
" How would you parry the disgrace?
" In what assembly show your face?
" How brook your rival's scornful glance,
" Or partner's titter in the dance?
" How in the morning dare to meet
" The quizzers of the park or street?
" Your occupation 's gone,—in vain
" Hope to dine out, or flirt again.
" The LADIES from their lists will put you,
" And even *I*, my friend, must cut you!"

Such once was Charles.—No doctrine sounder
Than his, no principles profounder.
And well he practised what he knew,
Himself the great sublime he drew!
Yes,—ere, in deep dismay, the town
Mourned o'er his abdicated crown,

Such *was* our hero. Now where is he?
Fall'n headlong from a height so dizzy,
Regardless of the shame and risk,
Thanks to your eyes, you basilisk!
These, Julia, are the tender mercies
Of you enchantresses, you Circes!
See him, almost a sloven grown,
Charmed by your shape, neglect his own.
With absent thoughts, like needle true,
Not on his cravat fixed, but you,
On cheeks that glow, on lips that pout
He muses, till his hand is out.
Then, all his *turns* are put to flight,
Then fade the tapers on his sight;
Visions of Love and Beauty rise,
And wean him from his dearest *ties*.

Cousin of mine, you must confess
To some strange heresies in dress;

In ours I mean, since few have shown
More taste and judgment in your own.
Our clothes, forsooth, become us better
When made to fit, and not to fetter.
Oft have you wondered why and when
Were girths and stays usurped by men;
Nay, vowed you thought a pound of starch
Too much for building Fashion's arch.
These are odd fancies; but submission
Is Charles's duty, and ambition.
No more he bears a bosom full
Of buckram, or o'ercharged with wool.
A hint from you is quite enough
To "cleanse it of that perilous stuff."
He looks, poor fellow, less genteely,
'Tis certain, but he moves more freely
Now that, like culprits freed from jail,
His waist is fairly out on bail.
Julia, you've moved its *habeas-corpus*;
But when the man is grown a porpus,

Long, long before the season's ended,
You'll wish it had been still suspended.

Converted thus, with all the zeal
Which converts or affect or feel,
For errors past he makes amends,
By quizzing all his former friends;
Forgets how long he was their tutor,
And grows their bitterest persecutor;
Derides the stiff cravats and collars
And braces of his favourite scholars,
Laughs at his own apostate-jokes,
And dresses—just like other folks.

Now from the throne of Fashion hurled,
He picks a quarrel with the world;
Courts it no longer, keeps no measures
With any of its whims or pleasures;
But, splenetic and sulky grown,
Like beast or savage lives alone.

If * * * * * * sends a card to dine,
The fool's engaged, or drinks no wine;
Though, all last season, what a swiller he
Was of Champagne, *mousseux* and *sillery*,
At every mouthful, all the way
From soup to *fondu* and *soufflé*!
Digressing, in the heat of action,
To Burgundy, from mere distraction,
And thence to perfumed hock, and from it
Scenting the vintage of the comet.
Scarce pausing when he had so far eat,
How knowingly he'd sip his claret!
With gentle undulation handle
The glass, upheld 'twixt nose and candle,
That glass so thin in bowl and stem,
Which just suspends the liquid gem;
Then, with a wager or an oath,
Pronounce upon its age and growth.

How changed! For him the iced Champagne
Steams from its silver vase in vain.

Round after round, decanters pass
Unheeded by his empty glass.
He 's quite ashamed to be punctilious,
But never was a man so bilious;
Talks of the fruits of living gaily,
Of Calomel, and Doctor Baillie;
Has lost his taste, can scarcely tell
A *Salmi* from a *Bechamel;*
Swears there 's no banquetting like love,
No turtle like the turtle-dove;
And, ere the wine comes round again,
Shies, bolts—and slips away by ten.

Now, Julia, though the truth be stinging—
But hark! the muffin-bell is ringing;
Those doughy dainties cried about
Tell me 'tis time to venture out.
And, see, my groom, another warner,
Comes with my horses round the corner,
A hint that I must ride, not write,
In mercy to my appetite.

A truce with jealousies, and loves,
And danglings.—John, my hat and gloves.
But mark me—I 've a stock of rhyme
And reason for another time;
Which will be wanted, I conjecture,
Fair cousin, for a smarter lecture;
One that may chance to break the spell
Of wayward Beauty. Now, farewell!

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

TO JULIA.

LETTER II.

LETTER II.

*A School for Widows——The Ball-Room at Almack's ——Waltzing——Quadrilling——Rules and Regulations——A Ball of other Times——A Guide to Matrimony——Cautions to younger Brothers—— The French Play——*PARIS*——The Palais-Royal ——Spectacles——Scene on the Boulevards— time, evening——The Tuilleries-Gardens——A London Fog——Invocation to Chemistry——The Folie-Beaujon——Parisian Belles——A Protest against Cachemires——Maisons de Jeu——English Lotteries—A new Tax proposed——The coming on of a Bore.*

TO JULIA.

LETTER II.

I CARE not, cousin, if I hurt
Your feelings: you're a hardened flirt.
Here, in a melancholy letter,
Charles tells me he is used no better,
And begs, in language quite pathetic,
The favour of my rod poetic,
To lay a few more gentle lashes
On haughty Julia — — *with two dashes.*
Still you exhaust each female art
To make a plaything of his heart,

By dealing it a see-saw measure
Of hope and fear, of pain and pleasure.
For shame! That hacknied, stale pretence
Of coldness and indifference
Is far too flimsy a disguise
To cheat the most unpractised eyes.
Your heart and mad-cap head, 'tis plain,
Agree like antidote and bane,
For though you frown upon, and flout him,
You fidget, if three days without him.

Why thus capricious and uneven?
Oh, you 've "an oath,—an oath in heaven,"
Since Death's cold fingers turned the key
Of wedlock once, and set you free,
Never to rivet on again
The galling matrimonial chain.
Such is the vow of every widow.
Thus, long resolved, at last poor Dido
Thought as her sister did, and I do,

That one good husband might be reckoned
A fair excuse to try a second.
Chain, if you will—but wherefore galling?
Why, marriage is your sex's calling.
Awhile rejoicing to be free,
How soon you loath your liberty,
Renounce your solitary plan,
And, at the altar, cling to man!

To widows is decreed by Fate
An awkward, inconvenient state;
A life of cheerless blank desertion,
Unapt for business or diversion.
Have they a law-suit? How they end it!
Money?—They scarce know how to spend it.
Beauty,—with "pulses," we'll suppose,
"That riot, and with blood that glows?"
Oft are fair wives unscreened from shame
E'en by a living husband's name;

What, then, in conscience may be said
About them, when the screen is—dead!

Cousin, to give you both your due,
Why may not Charles pretend to you?
I own you 're handsome, rich, and young;
What, then? Your lover has a tongue;
Has eyes to plead their master's passion,
Is tall, not ugly, and—the fashion.
Oft has that "unbought grace of life"
Distanced all rivals in a wife.
Full many an angler with that bait
Has hooked both beauty and estate.
O'erpowering influence! think how far
It reaches east of Temple-Bar!

At Almack's now (I 'm sure the fault 's his)
The season through, he never waltzes.
No more with Lady Anne or Biddy
He twirls till half in love, half giddy,

Since you 've announced your sovereign will
And royal pleasure to sit still.
But near, or at a distance, fretting,
Observes you whispering and coquetting,
And marks with keen suspicious eye
A rival in each passer-by.
Or trembles when your soft hand taken
By twenty Beaus is briskly shaken.
A pleasant practice, but unpolished,
Which prudes intend to get abolished.

As night wears on, without a chance
Or hope of coaxing you to dance,
Constrained his jealousy to smother,
He sees you trip it with another.
Poor Charles! how woe-begone he waxes!
No more he turns upon his axis,
While round him moves in radiance bright
Some beauteous beaming satellite;

Nor, led by music soft and thrilling
Through all the mazes of quadrilling,
Holds, lest the figure should be hard,
Close to his nose the printed card
Which, for their special use invented,
To Beaus on entrance is presented.
A strange device, but all allow
Convenient, as it tells them how
To foot it in the proper places
Much better than their partners' faces.

Well may you triumph in the view
Of all he here neglects for you.
See how the married and the single
In yon gay groups delighted mingle,
Midst diamonds blazing, tapers beaming,
Midst Georges, stars, and crosses gleaming!
Hear, while yon jaded couple stops,
And all the rest like humming-tops

Or Eastern dervises spin on,
How sighs the gentle chaperon
With vain regret that *she* was courted
Ere the new fashion was imported;
Ere formal minuets had vanished,
With jigs and country-capers banished!

Come, come, since first with smiles you won him,
Relent, and smile again upon him.
Surely, whate'er their difference be,
Lovers at Almack's should agree.
There joined in cordial coalition
Ev'n government and opposition
Awhile renouncing party-notions,
Make on their legs the self-same motions.
Beauty their angry spirit quenches,
And, seated on the self-same benches,
There they maintain without a schism
The Patronesses' despotism.

The Whig, for female power and glory
Stickling as stoutly as the Tory, (1)
There bends, in body and in soul,
To gentle, absolute control.
Yes, absolute,—but let not any call
Its wholesome exercise tyrannical.
Unlike all tyrants since the flood
What mean they but their subjects' good?

You know that form, with looks so sinister.—
'Tis Willis, the fair despots' minister.
See where in portly pride he stands
To execute their high commands;
Unmoved his heart, unbribed his hands!
See, where the barrier he prepares
Just at the bottom of the stairs,
Midst fragrant flowers and shrubs exotic;—
A man relentless and despotic
As he of Tunis or Algiers,
Or any of their Grand Visiers.

Think when the prize by hundreds missed
Was yours—when first upon the list
Your voucher issued, duly signed.
Think of your ticket left behind!
I heard you flatter, scold, petition;
Alas! no entrance, no admission:
"The rule is strict, I dare not stretch it,"
Your ticket, "ma'am—you *must* go fetch it."
"Nonsense!" you cried, "so late at night?
"Surely you know me, sir, by sight."—
"Excuse me; the committee sat
"This morning."—"Did they, what of that?"—
"An order given this very day,
"Madam, I dare not disobey."
"Your pardon."——Parley was in vain;
So for your ticket, in the rain,
Breathless, you cantered home again,
Thus cured (and could th' expense be less?)
Of absence, and forgetfulness.

And say, do they abuse their powers
'Gainst ultra-fashionable hours?—
Here once we walked our midnight round
In vain,—no creature could be found
Save a few stragglers, in the vapours
From gazing at the walls and tapers.
Then not a dance could be begun,
Waltz, or quadrille, till after *one*;
While, without music, friends, or books,
Perchance, at home on tenter-hooks,
The least contended with the greatest
Who should come lounging in the latest;
And in the contest, cousin, few,
I think, had more success than you.
But is not now the law, in letter
And spirit, altered for the better,
Since our fair sovereigns' last Ukase
Has peopled the deserted place,
And forced the crowd, ere midnight strike,
To do the very thing they like?

All, with their other pleasures, gaining
Perhaps the greatest—of complaining.

What sounds were those?—O earth and heaven!
Heard you the chimes? half-past eleven!
They tell, with iron tongue, your fate,
Unhappy lingerer, if you're late.
Haste, while you may.—Behold! approaches
The last of yonder string of coaches; (2)
Stern Willis, in a moment more,
Closes the' inexorable door,
And what a conjuror is he
Who can cry—Open, Sesamé!

So, when a packet hurries over
From Calais, through the straits, to Dover,
Her sails all set, to save her tide
And supper on the other side;
Wishing the force of steam were lent her,
While luckier ships the harbour enter;

Just with her bowsprit on the town,
'Tis ebb,—the fatal flag's hauled down!
She sees and, sickening at the sight,
Lies to, or beats about all night.

Such is the rule, which none infringes.
The door one jot upon its hinges
Moves not. Once past the fatal hour,
Willis has no dispensing power.
Spite of persuasion, tears, or force,
The law, he cries, must take its course.
Men may talk big, and women pout.
No matter,—they are all shut out.

"Friend, I'm The Ministry,—give way."
"Avaunt, Lord Viscount Castlereagh!
"You're doubtless in the Commons' house
"A mighty man, but here a mouse.
"This evening there was no debate
"Or business, and your lordship's late.

" We show no favour, give no quarter
" Here, to your ribbon, or your garter.
" Here, for a Congress no one cares,
" Save that alone which sits up stairs."

Fair Worcester pleads with Wellington; (3)
Valour with Beauty. " Hence, begone!
" Perform elsewhere your destined parts;
" One conquer kingdoms, t' other hearts.
" My Lord, you 'll have enough to do;
" Almack's is not like Waterloo.
" Awhile lay by that wreath of laurels
" Culled in composing Europe's quarrels;
" Secure, the war-whoop at her door,
" In Britain's cause to gather more."—
For the first time in vain, his Grace
Sits down in form before the place,
Finds, let him shake it to the centre,
One fortress that he cannot enter,

Though he should offer on its borders
The sacrifice of half his orders.
The English Duke—the Spanish Lord—
The Prince of Flanders—drops his sword;
Compelled at last, ere break of day,
To raise the siege, and march away!

Thus our fair Sovereigns "rule the *ball*,"
Indulging none, and just to all.
But, since no art has been invented
As yet, to make us all contented,
Some factious folks there are, whom mad I call,
With principles unsound—nay radical,
Who, by reform or revolution,
Would change this happy constitution.
Julia, I hope, my dear, that *you*
Are not among the rebel crew
Who swear (their fancy is so stricken
With peas, asparagus, and chicken)

That, if they ever get the upper-
Hand, they 'll insist upon a supper.
Nay, some have ventured to petition;
Think what apostles of sedition!
To rail at Congo and Bohea,
Because, forsooth, they are but tea;
Libels on London-cream to utter,
And quarrel with their bread and butter.
" How niggardly," they cry, " to stoop
" To paltry black and green from soup!
" Once, every novice could obtain
" A hearing over iced Champagne,
" And claret, ev'n of second growth,
" Gave credit to an amorous oath.
" But now, such lifeless love is made
" On cakes, orgeat, and lemonade.
" That hungry women grow unkind,
" And men too faint to speak their mind.
" Tea mars all mirth, makes evenings drag,
" And talk grow flat, and courtship flag;

" Tea, mawkish beverage, is the reason
" Why fifty flirtings in a season
" Swell with ten marriages, at most,
" The columns of the Morning-Post.

" Return blest days! Return ye nights
" Of dear, ineffable delights,
" When all the West, at Fashion's call,
" Flocked to a Piccadilly-ball,
" And found their multitudes increased
" By strong detachments from the East.
" When hungry crowds, with dancing jaded,
" Down the great stair-case ' promenaded,'
" (A term invented then for rushing,
" Squeezing and elbowing, and crushing)
" To feast below, 'midst blooming faces,
" On all the season's delicacies.
" There fragrant pines, midst strawberries, grapes,
" And cherries, reared their graceful shapes,

" Sent up in April, to regale
" Our palates, by the Yorkshire mail;
" And though (since fruit, when fire has done
" Its best, will languish for the sun)
" Tasteless and flat, yet folks were lost
" In wonder at the sums they cost!

"Then 'wreathed smiles' went round, and speeches
" Fine, forced, and plentiful,—as peaches,
" And costly wines on every side
" Poured their bright current far and wide.
" Hark to the toast from many a guest
" Grateful, elated, and refreshed.
" 'Here's to our generous hostess' health!
" 'How nobly she employs her wealth,
" 'Who, though five hundred are set down,
" 'Finds chickens' *wings* for all the Town!' (4)

" What anguish the remembrance rouses!
" Past is that golden age of Houses.

" No tongue can tell the difference, no pen.
" Now scarce a door of *one* is open.—
" Ne'er shall we see, I'll venture odds,
" Such nights and suppers of the Gods;
" Feasting 's now folly, fasting clever,
" And London's glory gone for ever!"

Let them prate on.—My answer's ready
For any gentleman or lady.
Too warm, my friends, your anger waxes;
Consider, pray, the war and taxes.
First 'twas Napoleon and the French.
Now 'tis The Peace.—We *must* retrench.
War was a bitter scourge and curse;
Yet peace, is, somehow, ten times worse.
Peace, or (as more than one division
Has gravely voted it) transition,
As commerce droops, and times grow harder,
Shuts here a cellar, there a larder;
By slow yet sure degrees, disables
Parks, gardens, eating-rooms, and stables;

Nor yet in her career relents,
But mows down whole establishments.
The poor, the middling, shoot a pitch
More and more humble;—ev'n the rich
From whose fat acres milk and honey
Keep flowing in the shape of money,
For lean economy produce
If not a reason, an excuse.
Their rates are high, their rents decrease,
Their corn 's a drug;—'tis all the Peace!
This jade-like Peace! Say, who will father her,
Unless she 's sworn to the tax-gatherer?

Then only think, you grumbling ninny,
Three such assemblies for a guinea!
Tell me, should supper banish tea,
Could one so smart be given for three?
With dinner too at eight served up,
Pray when do you propose to sup?
Man, to exist, must eat, I grant;
But, if you 're not a cormorant,

How late must be the morning-light
That dawns upon your appetite!

For Charles, *he* never gave advice on
That knotty point, Champagne or Hyson,
But, letting others urge their plea
For supper, was content with tea.
Hunger might do its worst—the smart
He felt was in a nobler part,
Not in his stomach, but his heart;
Temptation at each glance redoubling,
When cups went round and urns were bubbling
For thirsty nymphs whose charms might move
The coldest of our sex to love.

O! that I dared, since hearts of iron
Melt at the strains of MOORE and BYRON,
Now rifle their poetic urn
Of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!"
Time out of memory, all the Nine
Have robbed the garden and the mine

Of flowers and gems, those common-places
In painting pretty women's faces.
O! would they help me to describe
The beauties of this lovely tribe!
The hair in auburn waves, or flaxen,
Poured o'er their necks and shoulders waxen,
The curls that on fair bosoms lie
In clusters of deep ebony!
Fain would I venture, were it moral,
On downy cheeks, and lips of coral,
On eyes of sapphire or of jet
Beneath their brows o'er-arching set,
And shapes, as if by sculpture moulded,
In shining drapery enfolded!

Were it a marvel if, among
The beauties of so bright a throng,
Charles should look round at last, and find
A nymph as fair, and far more kind;
One of those captivating witches
With charms not ill relieved by riches;

Swan-bosomed, ruby-lipped, and star-eyed,
Younger than you, and—never married;
A girl I hardly need allude to,
Belinda—her you were so rude to
That night when Charles presumed to flatter
Her vanity, by gazing at her.
What though to twit a handsome woman
With rival beauties be inhuman?
Still, when a friend 's so vilely treated,
And a cold mistress so conceited,
Indifferent how the theme may please her,
One ventures it to cure—or tease her.

Turn a new leaf, then, quickly over
Capricious Julia, with your lover;
Discard that everlasting nay
For yes,—and let him name the day
Or I shall dash you from your car
Of triumph. Mine is open war.
No quarter. If I once unfurl
My banner o'er that lovely girl,

Let not your blind presumption cheat you,
But, take my word for 't, she shall beat you.
Yes, your abused ill-gotten power
May chance to vanish in an hour,
And melt away, like thawing ice
Before a little good advice;
For thus have I a mind to greet him
At the next Almack's, when I meet him.

'Tis time, dear Charles, your dream were o'er.
Awake, and be a slave no more.
Enough of constancy so slighted,
Passion so scorned and unrequited.
Flatter no longer, nor upbraid,
But *plant* your widow for a maid.
And, since ev'n maids look cold on shy men,
Long-baffled votary of Hymen
Approach, and at the luck rejoice
Which yields such beauty to your choice.

This is the hour of joy and hope;
Now that the tightened barrier-rope
Hems in quadrillers, nymph and spark,
Like bounding deer within a park,
Or dropped, transforms the floor again
For waltzers to an open plain.
This is the moment to advance,
To press Belinda in the dance,
And, vowing she is ten times fairer
Than twenty Julias, win and wear her.

But Charles must mingle, if he's wise,
Some caution with his enterprize;
And keep, since not an elder brother,
His distance from her aunt and mother,
Of youthful hearts those ruthless breakers
Will weigh your passion with your acres.
Like tars who on the topmast stand,
But one look out have they—for land.

They deem no folly half so great
As love without a large estate,
And think a nation ne'er will thrive
Where younger sons presume to wive.
In vain you plead, in vain importune,
Where, gentle shepherd, where's your fortune?
Do what you will, say what you can,
" Manors," they tell you, " make the man."

Hence, flames and darts! ye amorous sighs, hence!
Breathe not without—a special licence!
For what are favors, bride-cakes, honey-
Moons, without equipage and money?
Or what though Cupids round them hover?
Unless (the conjuration over
Which makes a husband of a lover)
Four conscious horses, strong and supple,
Whisk from the door the happy couple,
And lodge them in that deep retreat
Impregnable—a country seat;

Where, haply in the sultry season,
Confined without one earthly reason,
They struggle through a week's warm weather
In hopeless solitude together.

Thus many a pair, so lately free,
Take their first lesson in ennui
From cruel Fate, with Custom leaguing
To make ev'n happiness fatiguing!
Think how this caging must perplex
Two persons, though of different sex;
Unless kind fortune sends a third
To put in, now and then, a word.
Julia, 'tis not so long ago
Since you were qualified to know
How lovers may, when raptures fail,
When tender *tête-à-têtes* grow stale,
And Time creeps on with pinions leaded,
Wax very weary—though they 're wedded.

Surely 'twere kinder not to banish
These turtles,—not to bid them vanish
At once into some rustic den,
Far from the cheerful haunts of men,
Till they are reconciled, and broke
A little to the nuptial yoke.
Launched in a life so strange and new,
Society should help them through;
As training makes a colt less wild,
Or as a go-cart props a child,
Until by practice steady grown,
Its infant-limbs can move alone.

Say, why should grots and shrubberies hide
A lawful bridegroom and a bride?
Why must they, lost in shady groves,
Fit shelter for unlicensed loves,
Steal from the' approving world, and seek
A long probationary week

...RAJA SEREGO...

Of close retirement, as profound
As if they both were under ground?
Twelve hours of every four-and-twenty
Left to themselves, methinks, were plenty.
Why then to villas hurry down,
When these, fond pair, are yours in Town?

Be counselled.—Stir not, near or far,
But stay, I charge you, where you are.
The dream of Passion soon or late
Is broken——don 't anticipate.
Haste not to lose your hopes in fears,
Stark mad for moments, dull for years.
Devour not, for your comfort's sake,
At once, like children, all your cake.
Gold is too precious.—Lay it not
So thickly on a single spot;
But beat the bullion—husbands, wives,—
And spread it over all your lives.

But whither does my zeal mislead me?
And why these warnings?—None will heed me.
So to the theme I bid adieu,
And hasten back to Charles and you.

Whene'er from Almack's he withdraws,
What but your absence is the cause?
What but that spell, if now no more
The hero hastens, as before,
The self-same crowds, next night, to meet
For novelty, in Argyll-street,
Whither they run from space and ease
At Almack's, to secure a squeeze,
Taught by long practice, to a tittle,
How too much room endears too little
There, in his eagerness to gain you,
How oft has Charles, to entertain you,
Just in the midst of Perlet's acting,
Become so lively and attracting,

And talked so loud that not a word
The Frenchman uttered could be heard;
But all went innocent away
Of sense or meaning in the play.
The freak was somewhat strange, 'tis true,
Ev'n for the fashion;—but he knew
How often there, with colour faded,
Dress rumpled and attention jaded,
A fair one will pretend to listen,
And gaze with eyes that seldom glisten
Till Fancy paints what, after all,
Delights her most—the' approaching ball.

'Tis over,—and he never drives
To White's, or Brooks's for French fives;
Nor kills an evening at the Play,
Nor lounges at the Opera.
Shares in no mirth, enjoys no fun,
In short, the man is quite undone.

Should I, in hopes to set him free
By absence and variety,
Talk of a six weeks' trip to Paris,
'Tis ten to one the scheme miscarries.
How can he wander, when his mind
With you, "untravelled," stays behind?
Love should be made upon the spot,
The iron stricken while 'tis hot.
No trusting to such weak abettors
Of distant darts and flames as letters,
While a brisk rival, following suit,
Is close at hand to reap the fruit.

Besides, I doubt that, had he chosen
To ramble, 'twould have pleased you, cousin,
If, when his hard probation's past,
You mean to marry him at last.
Think what a risk to trust your lover,
Thus piqued, beyond the straits of Dover,

To follow all his freaks and fancies
In such a ticklish place as France is;
A region where the sun 's so bright,
The air so pure, the wine so light!
And hurrying through a land like this
Up to its gay Metropolis;
There range the Boulevards, and enjoy all
The orgies of the Palais-royal!
Think of that mart of provocation,
Where every step 's a fresh temptation;
Where all who stray, without a clue, in
Have their full choice of roads to ruin,
As if some demon took his measure,
Each fitted with his favourite pleasure;
Each, could a new one be invented,
Indulged with *that*, if not contented!

Grant he avoids the dangerous den,
Or enters it unhurt.—What then?
In every street the mischief lurks,
The dear delicious poison works.

Where'er he wanders, nets are spread,
Traps baited, for his heart or head.
Let him but enter their *Spectacles*,
Some syren puts him into shackles:
He 's hers,—'tis useless to rebel,
She dances, sings, or acts so well.
Then he has read in heathen books
That Goddesses have just such looks;
And, should he manage to escape her eye,
Falls a sure victim to the drapery
Whose folds so openly display
Her beauties in the new *ballet*.

Perchance, where sparks regale their lasses
With Roman punch, sorbets, and glaces,
Careless, unthoughtful, and alone, he 's
Strolling through *Coblentz* to Tortoni's, (5)
Stung with the thoughts of ice—or lingering
Where to the wire or catgut-fingering
Of some young minstrel, gay romances
Are carolled, while her sister dances,

While the bright moon, or evening-star
Beams on her Savoyard-guitar.
There gentle mingles with plebeian,
And drumming hares with pipes Pandean.
There, rays from rope-suspended lamps
(Undimmed, as through our island-damps)
Light up the chairs in triple rows
Where listless staring Belles repose ;
Those chairs so cheap, that no one blushes
Because their bottoms are of rushes,
When rest for hours and such a view
Are purchased for a single *soû ;*
When thus they blend, in sultry weather,
Ease and economy together.

If here his constant heart he hardens,
'Tis melted in the Tuilleries' gardens.
Who can be faithful if he wanders
Midst orange-trees and oleanders,

When through the air their soft perfume
Is wafted—when parterres in bloom
Fling new-born colours on the eye,
In every gay variety;
When the young season's freshest green
Upon the quivering limes is seen,
And fountains sparkle, upward springing,
And skies are blue, and birds are singing!
Not of the' untuneful tribe that fills
Our streets with dingy plumes and bills,
Those birds that roost as much at ease
On chimneys as they would on trees;
Save that the dainty ones repair,
From high ideas of fresh air,
To Grosvenor-gate, or Grosvenor-square,
And haunt the blackened shrubs, and stir up
Our spleen with their eternal chirrup.
Such, London, are *thy* feathered quires;
Thanks to thy smoke and sea-coal fires!

Have you not seen (you must remember)
A fog in London—time, November?
That non-descript elsewhere, and grown
In our congenial soil alone?
First, at the dawn of lingering day
It rises, of an ashey grey,
Then, deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane,
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense,
Invades the eyes, is tasted, smelt,
And, like Egyptian darkness, felt.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loth to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft-blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails,
Or, at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads its pole.

Scarce an eclipse with pall so dun
Blots from the face of heaven the sun,
If sun indeed he can be called,
With orb so beamless and so bald;
When not an arrow from his quiver
Alights unblunted on the river.
But soon a thicker darker cloak
Wraps all the town. Behold! The smoke
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges,
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends, rejected, from the skies,
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light!

O Chemistry, *attractive* maid,
Descend in pity to our aid!
Come, with thy all-pervading gasses,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,

Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders!
Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote, and fair Oxygene,
And Woolaston, and Davy guide
The car that bears thee, at thy side.
If any power can any how
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou.
And see, to aid thee in the blow,
The bill of Michael Angelo!
O join (success a thing of course is)
Thy heav'nly to his mortal forces,
Make all our chimneys chew the cud
Like hungry cows, as chimneys should,
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs, at common law,
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air—by act of Parliament!

Enough.—From sights and sounds like these
Return we to the Tuilleries.

Whose gardens, in the month of May,
Might lead an anchoret astray.
And Charles is safe, thus tempted, is he?
When female eyes and lips are busy;
By all the coinage of Love's mint
Unbribed—the glance, the smile, the hint,
From nymphs who more than share the anguish
Of dull adorers when they languish.

'Tis night. Adieu ye shades and fountains.
Hark! 'Tis a summons to The Mountains!
Those mimic thunders in the air
Portend a *fête extraordinaire*
At Beaujon or at Tivoli. (6)
There, reckless of a double fee,
He greets some "goddess fair and free,"
And with her headlong in a car
Shoots downward, like a falling star.
Fresh candidates behind them follow
In snug duet or selfish solo,

Descend, and up are dragged again
By rope and windlass from the plain,
Till folks grow tired, or sick of paying
For what they call *degringolé*-ing;
Till showers of fire and mounting rockets
Give a short respite to the pôckets,
And sounds of cymbal and of drum
Deep clanging from th' orchestra come,
And Saqui, wrapped in flames, ascending,
Hints that the evening's fun is ending.

But who shall number thy attractions,
Thou parent of strange thoughts and actions,
Paris, thou tempter! Hearts long free
From evil bend at once to thee.
To thee men yield their resolutions,
Time, money, conscience, constitutions.
Money 's thy tit-bit. That thou prizest,
The rest as offal thou despisest;
And when the graceless greenhorn raw
No more at Perregaux's can draw

To batten thy voracious maw,
Home thou return'st him in a trice,
With full degrees in every vice;
So changed, that they who best have known him,
His nearest, dearest friends, disown him.

Many a true lover has, by chance
Or management, been lost in France.
Fair as you are, or granting that you
Were modelled like the Grecian statue
Whose marble warmed to flesh and blood?
That Nature, in her kindest mood,
Had given you, not to bring disgrace
On perfect forms a faultless face?
Ask you what spell could Charles allure
To leave yon? Why, the French *tournure*
The wisest differ, as I 've heard,
About the meaning of that word:
But 'tis the bait (howe'er they wrangle)
With which the Paris-damsels angle.

From me far be it to disparage
The' attraction of their air and carriage:
But flowers and levantines and laces
Are great embellishers of faces;
And very ordinary women
Succeed by dint of *tulle* and trimming,
That conjuration which atones
For bead-like eyes, and high cheek-bones.
The short, quick, mincing step they walk with,
The ease and gaiety they talk with,
Are tricks on travellers, and tell,
Though short of beauty, quite as well.

In Marmontel you 'll find a story
Well told and written *con amore*,
'Mongst those which our translators, for all
Their freedom, choose to construe "moral;"
Though there 's a difference or so,
As every boarding-school should know,
'Twixt moral tales and *contes moraux*.

There, the snub-nose of Roxalana,
To whom the Sultan could not say nay,
Allures him, when he dares not bed her
Without the sacrifice—to wed her,
Although excelled in form and features
By fifty lovely, loving creatures,
Collected from all earthly places
To court that tyrant-Turk's embraces;
For she was gay, and pert, and coolish,
And they, though fond, were flat and foolish.

Sprightly like her and debonnair,
'Tis granted, are the Gallic fair:
Then, to adorn them, Fate has lent
Another precious instrument
Of wondrous power. Our neighbours call
It *Cachemire*, and we English, shawl.
'Twill bribe a woman in a trice,
'Tis Fashion's touchstone, Virtue's price!
The sex's glory and delight,
Their thought by day, their dream by night!

Vain is the trimming on their dresses;
Vain is the coral in their tresses,
Or on their necks.—To make them smart
Nature in vain conspires with Art;
In vain the Loves and Graces mould them,
Unless the Cachemire's web enfold them,
Or fling its all-subduing charm
In careless dangle from their arm.

'Tis sorcery, I take for granted.
Yes, yes, these shawls must be enchanted.
And could not thus have turned men's heads,
But for the magic in their threads.
To wear them is a plot, no whim in
A set of aukward, ill-made women,
Who thus forbid us to behold
Shapes of a fairer, happier mould.
Why must fine shoulders, necks, and backs
Be huddled into hateful sacks?
Why, to degrade each pretty figure,
Are these vile Cachemires still of rigour?

True, they are light and soft and warm;
But (whisper me) is *that* the charm
Which tempts their zealous votaries most,
Or whence they come, and what they cost?
Make them at home, and let their price
Sink to their value,—in a trice
The owners from their limbs would tear 'em,
And ev'n their maids would scorn to wear 'em.

Cousin, you 've read, perhaps, that Juno
A proud provoking goddess, you know,
(Not in the' original, I hope,
If you *have* read it, but in Pope)
Once begged, to make it up with Jove,
Her girdle from the Queen of Love;
For he, who little cared about her,
Had learned to live whole weeks without her,
And in the arms of mortal Beauty
Forget his too celestial duty.

Scarce was it on, when lo! the spell
Succeeded, to a miracle.
This girdle is no more. Were all
Its virtues in a modern shawl,
Thus far the cases might agree;
But here must end my simile.
Vain were the search in France to find
A Belle so liberal and kind
As, for a single hour, to lend
Her Cachemire to her dearest friend,
And, dizening thus a fellow-charmer,
For pleasure or for conquest arm her.

But hold.—No more of shawls, my cousin:
Perhaps your wardrobe holds a dozen;
Long ones, and square ones, old and new,
Of every pattern, size, and hue?
'Tis lucky, and I wish you joy.
On with the finest, and destroy,

If rivalled by a foreign Belle,
Her witchcraft with your counter-spell.

But, Julia, I'm ashamed to mention
Another cause for apprehension,
A fearful one,—you'll scarce conceive it,
But, on my credit, may believe it.
Flushed by the too luxurious fare
And wines of Very and Robert,
Poor Charles might get into the clutches
Of Livry, or of Dunan's duchess; (7)
Or be enticed, perchance, to dinner
By old De R——, that veteran sinner, (8)
Where demi-solde, and demi-reps
Engage at *Rouge-et-noir* and *Creps;*
Or stake the desperate bubble-bet
On fancy-numbers at *Roulette.*
Here if he yielded, soon were over
The blind allegiance of your rover,
Soon from his heart the hedge-hog Play
Would drive the serpent Love away. (9)

You, Julia, never can engage in
These dear delights, and can't imagine
How tempting is that Bank of banks,
Couched on whose *Green*, in golden ranks
Napoleons shine, 'midst humbler francs.
How clear their wealth from puff or vapour,
And how convertible their paper.
Well may the maddening crowd repair
To the rich mine that sparkles there,
In hopes, at length, by day or night,
To draw upon the firm at sight.
What though the cautious firm demurs,
And draws upon its customers?
Still Avarice strives, still Love of pleasure
Or desperate Want would seize the treasure;
While yon grave statesman and philosopher
Ponders, apart, his last night's loss over,
Consulting, for his chance to win,
That oracle the card and pin,[(10)]
As conjurors of former years
Predicted from the sieve and sheers,

And ever, till his money 's gone,
Keeps pricking, and shall still prick on.

Some, till their funds and patience fail,
Trust to the treacherous Martingale,(11)
In earnest of a fierce attack,
Set, ten times running, on the Black;
And thence, by chance or system led,
Shift, like boiled lobsters, to the Red. (12)
These would secure the notes and cash
By dint of enterprise and dash;
Others pursue a cautious game,
And venture less. 'Tis all the same;
Shoot high or low, they miss their aim,
And, keen or careless, only tend
By different paths, to one sure end.
Still, falling ever and anon,
The frequent *Après* wears the stone. (13)

Well,—if folks sacrifice in France
To any deity, 'tis Chance.

The young and old, the grave and gay,
All are her votaries—all must play.
'Tis not, in them, caprice or fashion,
But a resistless rage and passion.
Not, as with us, the Goddess dwells
In dark retreats and murky cells,
Above in clubs, below in hells;
But from a hundred shrines looks down
In triumph on her subject-town.
Through lanes and streets where'er you ramble
Or rest in Paris, you may gamble;
May risk, unquestioned, what you choose,
Ten thousand francs, or forty sous.
And as the State looks on, and backs
The licensed mischief with a tax,
What marvel if the magnet draws,
When manners thus combine with laws
To lend fresh vigour to its action,
And aggravate its strong attraction?

Play has been always a temptation
In every climate, age, and nation.
Our neighbours scorn to live without it;
But then they never cant about it;
Nor vow their indignation rises
In thinking of our blanks and prizes;
Nor read us lectures, nor condemn
In us, the faults we share with them.
While we, so moral and demure,
So over-nice, so over-pure,
Who, with uplifted eyes and hands,
Deplore the sins of foreign lands,
And wage so merciless a war
With *Creps*, *Roulette*, and *Rouge-et-noir*,
Deem it humane, and just, and wise,
To swell our annual supplies
By law-enacted lotteries!
"Cards—how atrocious! Dice—how wicked!
"But what's so harmless as a ticket?

" Gamblers, in France, are malefactors;
" Here, only innocent contractors,
" Who puff, 'tis true, but, like the quacks,
" For puffing pay another tax.
" Morals are quite a treasure, when you
" Touch not a greater—the revenue.
" Frauds *will* exist—in vain we cramp 'em;
" But for their instruments—we stamp 'em.
" When roguery cannot be kept under,
" We, pious statesmen, share the plunder,
" And thus extracting good from evil,
" Compound with God, and cheat the Devil!"

O! that there might, in England, be
A duty on Hypocrisy!
A tax on humbug, an excise
On solemn plausibilities,
A stamp on every man that canted!
No millions more, if these were granted,
Henceforward would be raised or wanted;

But Van, with an o'erflowing chest,
Might soon forgive us all the rest!

Be ours, when next we combat France,
This solid system of finance.
Think not the burthen would be thrown
With partial hand on men alone:
No, if adopted, 'twould perplex
Or beggar hundreds of your sex.
Fain would I ask how *you*, my beauty,
Could manage to escape the duty?
You, arch dissembler, who pretend
Hate or indifference to my friend,
When, in your conscience,—but no more—
Here break we off. By heavens, a bore!
He 's in the street,—is at the door—
Has passed my servant unawares—
Hark! 'Twas his voice upon the stairs;
His fatal hand is on the lock;
Now for two hours by Shrewsbury-clock!

Know you, dear Julia, what a bore is?
A fearful dealer in long stories,
In jokes, through twenty seasons hacked,
Without discretion, taste, or tact;
Who never speaks, nor shows his face
In the right time, or proper place;
Yet, all-unconscious of offence,
Bores on in perfect innocence.
Such is the foe I have to deal with.
Cousin, if you 've a heart to feel with——
But soft, he comes. I fold my paper.
Quick with the sealing-wax and taper.
Here, Julia, part we for the present.
But truths no matter how unpleasant,
Truths yet untold, more words of warning,
May chance to greet you some fine morning.
Meanwhile, awaiting your commands,
I kiss your alabaster hands.

TO JULIA.

LETTER III.

Love——Of two Kinds——The lighter and more fashionable preferred——London——Its Independence, Variety, Equality——Its Display of Female Beauty——End of the London-Season——Signs and Prodigies forerunning it——A hot Day in August——A Water-Party——A Steam-boat on the Thames——The Blisses of Brighton——Autumn and Winter in the Country——Shooting——Hunting——An Expostulation interrupted.

TO JULIA.

LETTER III.

DEAR cousin, for a young beginner,
You 're an incorrigible sinner,
And fairly force me once again
In Charles's cause to wield my pen.
But, Julia, 'tis a last endeavour.
Be kind, or cruel—now, or never.
I laugh at love so long in making,
And own myself ashamed of taking
The part of one who, recreant grown,
Dares not, or will not, take his own.

Spite of the flatterers at your levee,
This real love is somewhat heavy.
It dulls the lively, cows the brave,
And to a tyrant binds a slave.
'Tis dear, in short, and overrated.
Give *me* the love that 's light and plated,
That pleasant——shall I call it passion?
Which is, and ought to be the fashion;
Which, seated in the fibres round
The heart, still leaves the centre sound.
Had Charles by Cupid and his mother
Been stocked with this, instead of t' other,
Had he the spirit of a mouse,
Still would he, ghost-like, haunt your house?
Still follow yours of all the faces
And figures at our public places?
Or toil along the drive and ride,
In constant canter at your side,
Courting the very dust that rises
From the dear wheels of her he prizes,

Or by cold looks and words o'ercome,
Keep champing on the curb at home?

Though for the man you had not cared
A straw, methinks you might have spared
This last and bitterest aggravation
Of all his wrongs, my dear relation:
Because, inhabiting alone
Your villa near the ten mile stone,
Less saucy as the clubs grow thinner,
You tremble for your weekly dinner,
And can't endure to lose a guest
So popular, in such request,
You shift the' implicit slave at will
'Twixt Portman-square and Richmond-hill,
And dare, with all the season's fun done,
To keep him dangling still in London.

Fashion, you know, prescribes the minute
When to be out of it and in it.

She waves her wand.—Crowds haste away
From fields and groves to Town in May.
Again 'tis waved,—and woe betide
The Autumn lingerers! They must hide,
Or swear they 're passing through, to go
To Norfolk in an hour or so,
Meaning next month to show their faces,
If possible, in twenty places.
They're off—fine sport—the weather mild,
Birds plentiful, but rather wild;
Acres of turnips, miles of sand,
Few poachers, and a great command.
Late, if they stay a moment more.—
Adieu—the chaise is at the door.—

Such is the jargon you must bear,
The cant of every closing year,
From those who, haply uninvited,
Fear you should think them cut or slighted;
Who square by other people's notions
And feelings, all their thoughts and motions.

And, ruled by what the world will say,
That *Mrs. Grundy* of the play, (1)
Refuse to taste, or hear, or see,
But at the nod of Vanity.
The spark whom Norfolk-squires are courting
Has, ten to one, no turn for sporting.
Detests a gun, likes London better
Than woods or stubbles, bird or setter,
And would not, if he dared, be seen
Beyond Kew-bridge or Turnham-green.

O London, comprehensive word!
Whose sound, though scarce in whispers heard,
Breathes independence!—if I share
That first of blessings, I can bear
Ev'n with thy fogs and smoky air.
Of leisure fond, of freedom fonder,
O grant me in thy streets to wander;
Grant me thy cheerful morning-walk,
Thy dinner and thy evening-talk.

What though I 'm forced my doors to make fast?
What though no cream be mine for breakfast?
Though knaves around me cheat and plunder,
And fires can scarcely be kept under,
Though guilt in triumph stalks abroad
By Bow and Marlborough-street unawed,
And many a rook finds many a pigeon
In law, and physic, and religion,
Eager to help a thriving trade on,
And proud and happy to be preyed on?—
What signify such paltry blots?
The glorious sun himself has spots.

London, within thy ample verge
What crowds lie sheltered, or emerge
Buoyant in every shape and form,
As smiles the calm or drives the storm;
Blest if they reach the harbour free
Of golden Mediocrity!

Here, ev'n the dwellings of the poor
And lonely are, at least, obscure,
And, in obscurity, exempt
From poverty's worst plague, contempt.
Unmarked the poor man seeks his den;
Unheeded issues forth again.
Wherefore appears he? None inquires,
Nor why nor whither he retires.
All that his pride would fain conceal,
All that Shame blushes to reveal,
The petty shifts, the grovelling cares
To which the sons of Want are heirs,
Those ills, which, grievous to be borne,
Call forth—not sympathy but scorn,
Here lost, elude the searching eye
Of callous Curiosity.

And what though Poverty environ
Full many a wretch with chains of iron?

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S S...

These in no stricter bondage hold
Their slaves than manacles of gold.
The costliest fetters are as strong
As common ones, and last as long.
Whom gall they most?—'Tis doubtful which,
The very poor, or very rich;
Those scourged by wants and discontents,
Or these by their establishments;
Victims, from real evils free,
To nerves, *cui bono?* and ennui.
Don't fancy now that this "cui bono"
Has some strange meaning, Julia. No, no.
Be not alarmed, nor blush, nor smile.
The words but ask—Is Life worth while?

Still, Poverty, in every place
Still ghastly is thy spectre-face.
But he whose lips have never quaffed
From thy lean hands the bitter draught,

Who joins to health and competence
Good temper and a grain of sense,
Here may defy or follow Fashion;
Indulge his whim, his taste, or passion,
Pursue his pleasures or his labours,
Aloof from squires, unwatched by neighbours.

What though to rail or laugh at money
Be over-dull, or over-funny,
(Since who would ridicule employment,
Or cry down power, or quiz enjoyment,)
London is, surely, to a tittle
The place for those who have but little.
Here I endure no throbs, no twitches
Of envy at another's riches,
But, smiling, from my window see
A dozen twice as rich as he;
And, if I stroll, am sure to meet
A dozen more in every street.

None are distinguished, none are rare
From wealth which hundreds round them share,
But, neutralized by one another
Whene'er they think to raise a pother,
Be they kind-hearted, or capricious,
Vain, prodigal, or avaricious,
Proud, popular, or what they will,
Are elbowed by their rivals still.

Should one among them dare be dull,
Or prose, because his purse is full;
Should he, in breach of all decorum,
Make the least mention of the Quorum;
Drop but a hint of what transgressions
Are punished at the Quarter-sessions;
Or murmur at those vile encroachers
On rural privilege—the poachers;
Soon would a general yawn or cough
From such a trespass warn him off,

Spite of his India-bonds, and rents,
His acres, and his three-per-cents.
None would endure such parish-prate,
Were half the island his estate;
Though he in ready cash were sharing
The wealth, without the sense, of Baring.

A village is a hive of glass.
There nothing undescried can pass.
There all may study, at their ease,
The forms and motions of the bees;
What wax or honey each brings home
To swell the treasures of the comb,
Upon his loaded thighs and wings;
And which are drones, and which have stings;
Whether in consequence be higher
The Rector, or the neighbouring Squire,
Or he, the' Attorney of the place,
With knocker brazen as his face.

But count the motes or specks who can
On this our huge Leviathan!
Or note, with curious pencil, down
The motions of this monster-town!
Weak is the voice of Slander here;
Not half her venom taints the ear.
Few feel the fulness of her power,
"Her iron scourge, or torturing hour;"
And yet, so general is the scrape,
Few from her malice quite escape.
All, in a common fate confounded,
Are slightly scratched, none deeply wounded.
Such is The Town!—Do right or wrong,
None will abuse or praise you long.
The moments you enjoy or bear
Soon pass, and then——you 've had your share.
The idlest babbler can 't afford
To treat you with another word;
The jest has lost its sting, the tale
Grows, in its very utterance, stale;

Trifling, important, many, few,
All, to be talked of, must be new.

Here stands proclaimed a general mart.
Traffic who will. Here science, art,
Wit, learning, courage, genius, sense,
And every kind of excellence
In the thronged lists of wealth and fame,
Contend for fortune, or a name.
Say that, from feebleness of will,
From indolence, or want of skill,
Not venturing on a game so high,
You view it as a stander-by;
A risk so great, so large a stake,
Would keep the heaviest eyes awake.

Here, all the senses are on duty.
Mark how the streets are paved with beauty!
Mark with what triumph in their eye
The charmers of the sex pass by!

Shine but the sun, they swarm uncounted,
On foot, in carriages, or mounted;
Or, smiling, people the balconies
Near which stands many a smart Adonis,
Up-gazing at his fair Amanda,
Who, gently pacing the veranda,
Seems with her fairy-foot to set
The stock, sweet-pea, and mignonette, (2)
Whose mingled Covent-garden sweets
Are wafted o'er the watered streets.

Cousin, if still you play the prude,
Can Charles in such a multitude
Look round untempted long? Whereere
His fancy points, to brown or fair,
Whether, allured by thin or plump,
He likes a May-pole or a dump,
Say, can he fail at last to find
The very creature to his mind?

In vain he lifts in his defence
Thy leaden shield, Indifference;
A thousand arrows, if he stirs,
Stick in his skirts, like Gulliver's.
But, since inflicted oft in sport, all
His wounds are luckily not mortal;
While every single smile or frown
Is deadly in a country-town.
While, in a village, every dart
Strikes to and rankles in the heart!

But Autumn comes.—The die is cast.
And London must be left at last.
What endless shifts, what lame excuses
Each longing lingering look produces,
Till we are driven, perforce, away,
Loth to depart, ashamed to stay!
Yet Fate our nerves, in mercy, spares;
And seldom takes us unawares.

The' unwelcome news by many a token
To practised eyes and ears is broken;
Ne'er does the mournful hour draw nigh
Unmarked by many a prodigy.

Through silent and deserted streets
No kindred form the lounger meets;
No curricle nor chariot wears
The pavement of the western squares;
But hackney-coachmen fold their hands,
And sleep, despairing, on their stands.
You trace no fresh-caught rustic dodging
Now here, now there, to find a lodging,
Or vainly tugging at the bells
Of twenty over-crammed hotels.

Now, fagged at balls through many a night,
Girls look like ghosts by candle-light. (3)
No longer smarting from the rubs
Of wits and quidnuncs at the clubs,

Folks, through the season dumb as cattle,
Take courage, and at random prattle.[4]
Untouched since play no more is deep,
Dice in their boxes are asleep,
And ivory-counters seem to weep.[5]

Now orders fill our public-places
With overheated brazen faces.[6]
Now the New-River's current swells
The reservoir of Sadler's Wells,
And, in some melo-drame of slaughter,
Floats all the stage with real water.[7]
Now butchers mourn their tainted flesh,
And not a monger's fish is fresh.[8]
Now school-boys, fretted by hot weather,
Grow quarrelsome, and fight together;
And, at the pumps, as evening closes,
You see no end of bloody noses.[9]
While sounds, at midnight, fill the air,
Of mirth, and hunger, and despair,

From nymphs who ply their luckless calling,
Ungreeted but by watchmen bawling.(10)

See how the blue and brilliant lights
Burst through the air on gala-nights! (11)
What hands explore their neighbours' pockets,
What eyes are starting from their sockets
At squibs, and wheels, and mounting rockets,
Ere yet the gardens of Vauxhall
Close with their leaves' untimely fall!
There, Julia, oft, by Charles escorted,
You 've smiled to see the crowd trânsported,
Where lamps in bright festoons were blazing,
Stand, upward to the' orchestra gazing
In wonder at the band, who dare
The freshness of the midnight-air,
And run through all their sharps and flats
Beneath the shade of three-cocked hats,
Those hats which, smote by Fashion's hand,
Here make their last and noblest stand;

Still at Vauxhall the Fates decree 'em
These fidlers' heads for a museum.
So the wild bulls which once were found
Through many a waste on English ground,
In these degenerate days are known
To breed at Chillingham alone. (12)

Shot from yon Heavenly Bow, at White's,
No critic-arrow now alights
On some unconscious passer-by,
Whose cape 's an inch too low or high;
Whose doctrines are unsound in hat,
In boots, in trowsers, or cravat;
On him who braves the shame and guilt
Of gig or Tilbury ill-built;
Sports a barouche with pannels darker
Than the last shade turned out by Barker;
Or canters, with an awkward seat
And badly mounted, up the street.

Silenced awhile that dreadful battery
Whence never issued sound of flattery;
That whole artillery of jokes,
Levelled point-blank at humdrum folks;
Who now, no longer kept in awe
By Fashion's judges, or her law,
Strut by THE WINDOW, at their ease,
With just what looks and clothes they please!

No longer, from the footman's thumb
And finger, peals of thunder come.
Closed are the doors, the knockers dumb.
No cards, in broad-cast sown about,
Affright us with a brim-full rout;
For routs, although they scorn to finish
Ev'n in the dog-nights, must diminish.
Yet oh! how flat and undesirable
Are open space, and air respirable!
Their lessening throngs in haste they muster,
And in some narrow door-way cluster,

Smiling, when novices too shy
In vain to force the barrier try,
Squeeze, press—do all things but get by,
In spite of twenty quaint devices
To reach that goal,—the cakes and ices;
Though all beyond those straits is ocean
Pacific, without life or motion!

No longer in a stormy night,
(The London-Coach-maker's delight)
Comes on the startled ear, from far,
The hubbub of domestic war.
Hushed is the sound of swearing, lashing,
Of tangled wheels together clashing,
Of glasses shivering, pannels crashing,
As coachmen try their rival forces
In whips, and carriages, and horses.
In vain their mistresses may fret,
Be frightened, trampled on, or wet.

How, but by prancing in the mud,
Can pampered cattle show their blood?
Honour 's at stake;—and what is comfort,
Safety, or health, or any sum for 't?
The bills 'tis true, to those up-stairs,
Are somewhat heavy, for repairs;
But courage, Jehu! Such disasters
Are not your business, but your master's.

Now many a pleasant hungry sinner
Finds tapering off the' accustomed dinner.
No more he reads on pasteboard nicely
Ranged o'er his chimney, "Eight precisely."
No crow-quill notes with corners three,
Littered about for friends to see,
Coax him to *tête-à-têtes*, and tea.
But, lingering till the chaise is gone
Which holds the last Amphitryon,
Ungreeted at his morning station
Ev'n by a verbal invitation,

Late and alone he dines at Brooks's;
Tries what a newspaper or book says
Till half past ten; and then, poor man,
Gets through the evening as he can.

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat,
And o'er it the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.
For short-lived green, a russet brown
Stains every withering shrub in Town.
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
The' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies;
And wasps, those foragers voracious,
Buzz through the shops, in swarms audacious.
At rest, in motion—forced to roam
Abroad, or to remain at home,
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—'Be ye hot!'

Day is intolerable—night
As close and suffocating quite;
And still the Mercury mounts higher,
Till London seems again on fire!

Now is the time, ye flush of money,
To vest it in an eight-oared Funny;
Or man some stately barge, and in it
Embark the "Cynthia of the minute,"
To quit old scores by land, and give her
A day's amusement on the river.
The part of Cynthia, cousin, few
Have acted half so well as you;
Oft have you named the party; they
Had but one duty—to obey.
For Ladies, when the Dog-star flames,
Are worse than press-gangs on the Thames.
No man's protection is regarded,
And none escape,—unless they are dead.

As, in the Isles between the tropics,
(How similes set off one's topics!)
Land-crabs, at certain times, agree
To quit the mountains for the sea,
Thus, as the tide runs up or down,
Our Belles, with one accord, from town,
Rush to the river, and embark
For Richmond-hill or Greenwich-Park.
Some shoot the bridge, and downward trip
Among the shipping, to the Ship;
Some seek a less encumbered quarter,
The Castle, or the Star and Garter.
But Ships or Castles, parks or hills,
Small is the difference—in their bills.
Admire the views, ye funnies, barges,
And boats—but tremble at the charges!

Now smitten by the cloudless beams
Of a hot sun the river steams.

Hushed is the breeze; a dazzling glare
Shot from the water, fires the air.
And since, alas! in sultry weather
Few are the amateurs who feather
And pull, like watermen, together,
Long ere the destined voyage is ended,
Their dashing oars are half suspended,
Till, checked awhile, beneath the awning
Breaks out, at length, a general yawning,
As melting in "day's garish eye,"
Becalmed and motionless they lie.
Or worse befalls. For oft a raw gust
Broods o'er the burning brow of August,
And "hushed, expects" throughout the day,
"In grim repose its evening prey."
Bursting at last, a sudden squall
Drenches the ladies near Black-wall;
Or the vext waters make a breach
Clean over them in Chelsea-reach.

How in this moment will they hate
The very mention of White-Bait,
And every over-rated dish
Of pond, and sea, and river-fish!
How long for home and London-smoke,
And loath the Ship and Artichoke!
For, fair ones, what are woods and hills,
Music and feasts, to damps and chills?
What, if you can't contrive to parry
The dose-ing, sleek apothecary?
If, jaded ere you land and sup,
Next morning you are all laid up?

Sometimes (the chance is rare indeed)
These water-parties *may* succeed,
When wind and tide and settled weather
Club all their influence together;
When through alternate ebbs and flows
Briskly the barge or wherry goes;

And on its course, on either side,
Shines the green landscape's glittering pride.
What then? The river and its banks
For one such prize yield twenty blanks.

Now many a city-wife and daughter
Feels that the dipping rage has caught her.
Scarce can they rest upon their pillows,
For musing on machines and billows;
Or, should they slumber, 'tis to dream
All night of Margate and of steam;
Of Steam, much stronger than a giant,
And, duly conjured, more compliant.
At eight, that bustling happy hour,
His boat is ready at the Tower.
Embarked, they catch the sound, and feel
The thumping motion of his wheel.
Lashed into foam by ceaseless strokes,
The river roars, the funnel smokes,

As onward, like an arrow, shoots
The Giant, with the seven-league boots,
Plying his paddles, and outstripping
With ease the sails of all the shipping
Through every reach—mast following mast
Descried, approached, o'ertaken, passed.
Look where you will, you find no traces
Of qualm-anticipating faces.
No calm, so dead that nothing stirs,
Delays the sea-sick passengers.
No baffling breeze's adverse force
Prevails against their destined course.
But while their mouths can scarcely utter,
O'ercrammed with tea and bread-and-butter,
While on the deck some stretch their legs,
Some feast below on toast and eggs,
Cheered by the clarinet and song,
Ten knots an hour they spank along,

By Gravesend, Southend, through the Nore,
Till the boat lands them all at four,
Exulting, on the Margate-shore!

These Kent delights—while others post
As nimbly to the Sussex-coast.
Starting each hour, ere day begins
Till evening falls, from twenty inns,
Inside and out, a clustering load,
They spin along the level road;
That road so oft curtailed, and passed
Each year more quickly than the last.
What crowds from every coach alight on
The russet Steyne, and beach of Brighton!
To view from its parades and cliffs
Gulls, bathers, fishermen, and skiffs;
To pay for appetite and air
The price of heat, and dust, and glare!

To watch, by day, the surf in motion
Unwearied, from the boisterous ocean;
And, ancle-deep in burning shingles,
Sigh for green fields and shady dingles!
Or pace along the shore, remarking
A shoal of passengers embarking
(Well if they don't repent the step)
To join the packet for *Dieppe;*
Looking as grave as undertakers,
Their boat half swamped among the breakers,
Some sick, all terrified, in crossing
To where the distant bark lies tossing!
To note, by night, with magnanimity
The fluttering of unlined dimity,
As through the room the curtains sail,
Obedient to the western gale.
To think how time and use disables,
Through years of letting, chairs and tables;
Or trace the moon-beams on the foam,
And muse on comforts left at home!

Now sounds through every manor flying
Give notice that new guns are trying.
Sportsmen on Yorkshire mountains grousing
Feel the bog shake, and dread a sousing. (13)
Unclouded skies their heat redouble;
The " swart star" rages o'er the stubble.
Smote by his beams, the river shrinks,
The dusty common yawns in chinks; (14)
Dogs in the fancied chase grow hot,
And birds impatient to be shot. (15)
These signs, and more—but 'twould encumber
My verse to reckon up their number,
The air in short, the sea, the sun,
Proclaim The Capital undone.

Julia, forgive me this digression,
And summon all your self-possession
To listen to a truth, unnettled,
By every day's experience settled:

That absence, if not over-long
And frequent, can do love no wrong;
That to the nymph for whom he burns
With fresh delight her swain returns,
After a trifling separation:
Thus, for example, the Vacation,
Beckoning to rural leisure down
Lawyers and lovers too from Town,
By well-timed absence both recruits,
And fits them for their several suits.
That past, the chase, again renewed,
With double ardour is pursued.

How strange a thing a woman's heart is!
You talk of dinners and of parties,
As if for keeping Charles in town
Such lame excuses would go down.
A truce with fibs,—they only prove
One honest downright truth—you love.

And since your love through all disguises
Still buoyant to the surface rises,
Be ruled by what a friend advises.
Even, or odd—say yes or no.
Marry the man, or let him go
At large among his country-friends,
When August and the winter ends,
And send him with a lengthened chain
Back to his much-loved sports again.

Now, through the season (such the fruits
Of your caprice) he never shoots;
So that I 've lost those welcome presents
Of hares and partridges and pheasants,
Which, when the holidays drew near,
Sent to enrich my Christmas-cheer,
Oft on the turkeys would encroach
That dangled from the Norfolk-coach.
Can I resign without regret
These dainties, or the day forget

When last he purchased, by a grant on
His dipped estate, a gun from *Manton*,
(No matter which, they 're two, you know,
Some fancy *John*, and others *Joe*,)
That gun of guns, which none but ninnies
Could reckon dear at sixty guineas!
Scarce have we thought the stories long,
Midst cooling muffins and Souchong,
Of all its crinkums and devices
Afforded at such moderate prices
That some, perhaps too partial, say
They are not sold, but given away.
O! why are *Mantons* such as these,
Just like the annuals one sees
At Messrs. Lee and Kennedy's;
Those plants so beautiful and dear
That never last a second year!

Fain, while the Muse my memory jogs,
Fain would I celebrate his dogs;

But how do justice to their breed,
Their perfect breaking, nose, and speed,
When I 'm too modest to aspire
Ev'n to a sketch of his attire?
O cousin, could you but have seen
The gaiters brown, the jacket green,
In which, through all the live-long day,
Fresh and untired, he blazed away,
Scrambling through bush and briar, to trace
Haply, but *half* another brace!
Then, as he neared the garden, hark
From both his barrels, just at dark,
Two short, smart pops! Ill-omened sound,
Echoed o'er many a turnip-ground,
Where coveys fed, in fear and sorrow
Prophetic of their fate to-morrow!

In wood or field, at any game
Unerring was his practised aim;

Whether with many or with few
He braved the perilous *battue ;*
Whether he watched where wild-ducks spring
Scared from the lake, and clamouring ;
Or marked, within some dingle warm,
The woodcock's solitary form ;
Or, in the sedges ancle-deep,
Grudged not for snipes, whole hours, to creep ;
And seldom missing, as I 've heard,
Snipe, wild-duck, pheasant, cock, or bird,
He never, (this I don 't pretend
To vouch for) never winged a friend,
Nor risked, to gain a foremost place,
The peppering of his neighbour's face !
In short he was, as rumour runs,
The very Paragon of *Guns.*

Now, the least mention of preserves,
Turnips, or stubbles, shakes his nerves.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S S

Forgetting if the noise be louder
From gun, or fulminating-powder,
Through autumn's heat, through winter's rigour,
The recreant never draws a trigger.
His game-book's lost, his pointers stray,
And his crack *Manton*'s given away!

I question if, another year,
He means to hunt in Leicestershire;
Though there alone, beneath the sun,
A horse can go, a dog can run.
Once how he flew, like lightning, down
To Melton, and then back to town,
In quick alternate motion tost,
Like shuttlecock, by thaw and frost!
Pray, Julia, just to get a notion
Of this Meltonic see-saw motion,
Listen.—It freezes—to the door
Upwhirls his wadded chaise and four.

He 's in, he 's off,—nor marks (so easy
The motion) how the roads grow greasy;
How clogged his wheels, as slow they travel
Through clinging clay and grinding gravel;
How drops begin to shower from leaves,
And icicles to melt on eaves;
The country, ere he reaches town,
Looking, each mile, more soft and brown,
Till Highgate's arch-wayed hill is past,
And all beyond is mire at last!

Mire,—how delightful!—in a trice
He dashes back to meet—the ice.
Frost, like a bailiff or a constable,
Cries "Stand!"—and claps him up at Dunstable,
Shewing, if on he dares to go,
For writ or staff—the drifted snow.
There, at the Sugar-Loaf, a guest
Reluctant under close arrest,

Confined till larks and patience fail him,
He waits another thaw to bail him,
Far from his grooms and favourite stud,
The very quintessence of blood;
As distant as the merest stranger
From that mysterious rack and manger
Where many a hunter, duly fed,
Unconsciously eats off his head,
Destined at last, as oft befalls,
To get it back at Tattersall's.

No more the punctual groom shall shake
His master till they *both* awake,
To listen to the wind and rain
By fits, loud clattering on the pane,
And envy those who stretch and yawn,
Careless of bleak December's dawn;
Or doze, perchance, some lie inventing
To shirk this famous day for scenting,

While gusts more strong and showers more thick
Give him strange thoughts of shamming sick.
Till, mindful of his former fame,
He combats drowsiness with shame;
Breaks from the chains which bind the lazy,
Votes a wet morning only hazy,
And, ere the half-hour's chimes are counted,
Is fairly up, equipped, and mounted.

No more he trots, like folks who trip
Into a boat to join a ship,
Mud-booted, to the ground, on hack;
Nor creeps, on jaded hunter, back
Over the heath, along the lane,
Guessing and floundering in the rain;
The mile-stone missed, the finger-post
Then farthest, when he needs it most;
Haunted, amidst the deepening gloom,
By phantoms of that eating-room

Where the bright blaze good cheer and wine
Might tempt worse appetites to dine;
And musing on what hours may pass
Ere his the morsel, or the glass.
No spark of all the chase's heat
Left in his numbed and dangling feet;
No chance of rest, nor hope to sup,
Unless the friendly moon gets up,
And, faintly struggling through the fog,
Hints, just in time,—" Beware the bog!"

How do benighted sportsmen roam,
When, haply, not three fields from home;
Like Tony's mother led astray
By that spoiled urchin in the Play,
Who while he takes her, round about,
Back to the spot whence both set out,
Still, to alarm the silly woman,
Talks of 'Squash Lane,' and 'Crackskull Common!'

Thus in the dark he rode to cover.
Thus from the death, when all was over.
For, like a shrimp, a fox-chase fails,
Both have but sorry heads and tails.
But Charles was still unflinching found,
If outward, or if homeward bound;
Patient, untired,—and, when he hunted,
Careless what dangers he affronted.
Then with firm seat, and bosom steeled,
He shone the foremost of the field;
All doubting if, in skill and force,
He was the cleverer, or his horse.
Close to the hounds, the triumph filled
His heart with rapture, if they killed;
And if they failed,—why, riding hard,
Like virtue, was its own reward.
His was the transport that atones
For broken limbs and collar-bones;
His all the energies which urge on
Men, in defiance of the surgeon,

Far from their wives and tender pledges,
Dashing o'er fences, ditches, hedges,
Where none would venture but a fool
Or madman, if his blood was cool.

A Nimrod he, from taste and passion—
Unlike the ill-starred slave of Fashion
Who hunts, o'er meaner sportsmen crowing,
In Leicestershire, because 'tis knowing;
Because, at Melton, all partakers
In hunting should be men of acres,
Or flush of money in the Stocks,
In order to suppress the fox.(16)
That secret foe to southern breezes;
That inward chuckler when it freezes;
When scentless air and hardened soil
Save both his credit and his toil.
Then, nothing loth, he flies to meet
Those loungers in St. James's-street,

Who break, like him, the Melton-tether,
Enjoying, while they d—n, the weather.
But suddenly, unused to stay
Our winter through, the frost gives way.
The fatal hour is come—is past;
And in despair he goes at last
Back to his post, to bear the brunt
And feign the raptures of the hunt!

Behold him there, the luckless varlet,
In oil-skin hat, in coat of scarlet,
Superbly mounted, duly dressed,
And looking lively, though distrest!
Think not of all who there assemble
With chattering teeth, and limbs that tremble,
Think not that, with a common aim
And garb, their feelings are the same.
No, no,—the sport has many a lover
As cool as he, at every cover.

But soon, whate'er they feel or feign,
The chaff is winnowed from the grain.
They find ;—hark forward ! off they go
To the mad cry of Tally Ho !
Affecting now to urge the speed
And rouse the courage of his steed,
What though he spurs, and plies the lash,
And seems not only stout, but rash ?
Soon, by experience dearly bought,
Soon will the' aspiring Youth be taught
That valour is a poor possession,
Without its better half, discretion.

Warned by the knowing ones to keep
Aloof from every useless leap,
And copy thöse whose practised eye
Turns to the well-known gap, hard-by,
He learns, in rising at a gate,
The value of the hint too late.

For, awkward where he should be limber,
Just as 'tis cleared, he *touches timber;*
Falls, and before he can recover him,
Aghast, sees half the field ride over him;
A perfect judge, though bruised to jelly,
Of every horse's girth and belly.
Thrice he his suppliant arms extends
In vain to all his dearest friends;
And lies, perchance, where Fate has spilled him
Till they have run the fox and killed him!

Don't fancy, Julia, if you please,
That Charles resembles one of these,
Who care not what their hunters cost
To buy or keep, if seldom crost.
He, of the true, the genuine sort
Whose heart and soul are in the sport,
Feels the strong passion scarce kept under
By mightier love;—nor should I wonder

If of his pleasure thus debarred,
And exercise, he thought it hard;
Nay, though obedient to a tittle
In all things else, demurred a little.
But no.—In aid of Love's decree,
Comes a worse tyrant, Poverty.
Few long can scramble but the rich
In Leicestershire, o'er hedge and ditch.
Money alone, as sportsmen know
Too well, by what they pay—or owe,
Makes Melton-mares and horses go.

But, Julia, since, without a blush,
You've weaned him from the fox's brush,
From pouches, belts, and barrels double,
From covies, covers, woods, and stubble,
Be warned, and make him not, to crown
These injuries, a slave in town.

Trifle with meaner swains—you're free,
But Charles is public property;
Fashion's unerring regulator,
Sole arbiter, supreme dictator;
To slight his power, his throne to seize on,—
Why, at the least, 'tis petty treason.

These lines were meant to be my last.
My word was pledged, my promise past,
Ne'er to record with ink and pen
Your follies or your faults again;
But hard the task with time to strive;
I thought it *three* that struck—'twas *five*,
The hour when every office blocks
With one accord its letter-box,
And servants, something loth, must fag
To catch the bell-man and his bag.
Well, well.—"I had a thing to say,
But let it pass."—Refreshed to-day,

My Muse may muster to your sorrow
A few more couplets for to-morrow,
Harder perhaps to read than prose,
If not so easy to compose.
But since the jade inspires no better,
Julia, farewell.—Here ends my letter.

TO JULIA.

LETTER IV.

LETTER IV.

The Mutability of May——An invisible Friend——A pathetic Appeal——Real and counterfeit Beauty——A nice Girl and a Grecian Statue——The Cry——One downright Lover worth a dozen Danglers——An Invocation to Memory——Receipt to make a Tyrant-Husband——Politicians pelted with Sugar-Plums——A Member of Parliament malgré-lui——Business in the House of Commons—its Importance and Variety——London-Meteors—their Rise, Progress, and Extinction——A disinterested Suitor——The Misgivings of an Heiress——Love and Liking——An ancient Tournament and a modern Duel——Thoughts on Marriage and the Press——Conclusion.

TO JULIA.

LETTER IV.

JULIA, methinks the day affords
A fair excuse for "more last words."
Gloomy abroad, and uninviting,
'Tis good enough at home for writing.
By May thus always are we treated,
Dried, deluged, chilled, or overheated.
And, spite of ode and sonnet—though it's
A month so dear to all the poets,
To us poor islanders it shows
Nine times in ten a face of prose.

Like you, our Seasons are capricious;
Like you, now wayward, now delicious.
Full oft, dissembling his attack,
Old Winter on young Spring looks back,
And with a shower of arrowy sleeting,
Like Parthian, wounds her in retreating.
How hard, how very hard, that Spring,
Thus baffled in her blossoming,
Can never manage to imprint her
Fair fingers in the face of Winter!

But be the heavens of any hue,
Let clouds be black, or ether blue,
My business is with Charles and you.
One effort more, and then—my oath
Is taken to have done with both.

To what strange passes things will come!
Call when I will, he's not at home,

But scudding to his chamber runs,
As if all visitors were duns;
As if some spectre crossed his eyes,
Or friends were bailiffs in disguise.
Though, t' other morning, unawares,
I chanced to catch him on the stairs,
When, like an animal just tamed,
Half sinister and half ashamed,
He owned his folly,—'twas too risible,
Yet still he wished to be invisible,
Lest a friend's precept and example
Might teach him on his charm to trample;
Lest, questioned close, and tutored well,
His wrongs should tempt him to rebel,
And lend him courage one fine morning
To rise and give his mistress warning.

What though as yet no spot begin
To stain the brightness of the skin

Where York and Lancaster combine
Their roses in those cheeks of thine?
Deem not the well-meant hint officious,
That we he-creatures are capricious,
That when your charms have ceased to blind us,
Nor prayers can move, nor oaths can bind us.
Soon Autumn on those charms encroaches,
Soon Winter's icy hand approaches.
Then from dimmed eyes unheeded flow
The bitter tears of fruitless woe;
The faded bosom Man forsakes,
Though the poor heart beneath it breaks.
See in their mid career the comely
Supplanted by the coarse and homely;
The fond, the generous, and the true
Yield to the heartless and the new!
Love dies as surely as 'tis born,
Killed by aversion, slight, or scorn.
These are hard deaths:—a milder end
Cools down a lover to a friend.

Trust not to beauty nor to youth,
Nor learn too late the mournful truth
That Woman lost, when Man is sated,
Within two points of being hated,
Luffs, to the threatening danger blind,
In vain so *very* near the wind.
Onward in vain she steers, and back,
Weathering the land on neither tack;
The tempest raves, the billows roar
In thunder on the rocky shore;
Her anchors drag—her cables part—
Hers is the shipwreck of the heart!

Your beauty, I allow, is real,
Not like that counterfeit ideal
Which Poets seldom deign to mention.—
Not like the beauty of convention,
Which passes by the annual vote
Of certain connoisseurs of note,

Whose feelings never are ecstatic
But for a nymph aristocratic.
Ask them what makes a heavenly creature?
'Tis not attractive shape, or feature,
Nor any combination silly
Of light and shade, of rose and lily.
Youth spreads in vain with colours fresh
Yon lovely form. Alas! 'tis flesh,
Temptation easily withstood.
Their cry, like Renault's, is for—*blood.* (1)
For those heraldic high-born charms,
Pinched waists, long necks, and bony arms. (2)
Unless with these proportions stuffed,
Dubbed *a nice girl,* and duly puffed,
Unless she bear that stamp of fashion,
She wins no heart, inspires no passion,
Nor can be offered, though the sense
Should ache at her, in evidence.

Nay, should the fairest maid or wife
That Greece e'er chiselled, come to life,
Step from her pedestal, and bustle in
To Almack's, robed in silk or muslin,
I'd wager that her arm, or waist,
Or foot, would shock these men of taste,
And "coarse and clumsy" be the doom
Pronounced on her by half the room.
Poor statue! back without a stitch
Of clothes, unheeded to your niche!
Adored as marble, scorned as woman,
Dead, you're divine;—alive, inhuman!

'Tis thus when folks *will* make a clatter.
This, that, or any other matter
Will serve their purpose—any topic
Ere talked of yet, from Pole to Tropic.
Lavish alike of praise or blame,
Unchecked by doubt, unawed by shame,

What so resistless as a *Cry*?—
Not winds and waves, when both run high;
Not tyrants, armed with power supreme;
Not lightning, gunpowder, or steam.
Hark!—spreading in a wild career
From tongue to tongue, from ear to ear,
Swells the loud din;—nor skill nor force
Prevails against its headlong course.
What shall the mischief overcome?
Sufferers, be patient, and be dumb.
'Tis past.—Lo! all is hushed again;
A calm succeeds the hurricane,
And, sun-like, o'er the' expiring blast
Justice and Truth shine forth at last.

Damsels may court the Cry,—but *you*,
A widow rich and handsome too,
Backed with such powerful appliance,
May safely set it at defiance.

With claims like yours folks never quarrel;
You shoot as with a double-barrel;
Should the first miss, a second aim
Is certain to bring down your game.

Yet, armed with such a *Manton*, why
Thus fire among the covey? Fie!
Behave not like the Cockney-herd,
But level at a single bird.
In downright language, Julia, flirting
May for a season be diverting.
'Tis comical, howe'er entangling,
To keep a dozen lovers dangling,
And smile while each, as t' other falls,
Flies up, like Indian jugglers' balls.
But sport, though pleasant, *may* be wrong,
And *must* be, when it lasts too long;
Then, since a husband ends the fun,
And even *you* can have but one,

Since there 's no licence for polygamy
Ev'n in its mildest form of bigamy,
Discard your fluttering train, and lend
An ear of favour to my friend.
Be generous :—since he may command
Your heart, ev'n throw him in your hand;
Wed him, and 'twill be doubtful whether
Two better matched ere met together:
Think in how grand a style you 'll dash on,
While you find wealth and he finds fashion,
The idols of the world! The rage,
Delight, and wonder of the age!

Meanwhile cold airs, and haughty carriage
Must vanish, if you purpose marriage.
However well, however blindly
He loves you, Julia, treat him kindly;
Lest, tutored by your bad example
Upon a feeling heart to trample,

Ere the church-rites are scarcely over
A husband should avenge a lover;
Since who so tyrannous as he
To power just risen from slavery?

This wedlock——but for animation,
There's nothing like an invocation.
O Memory! though in deathless measures
A bard inspired has sung thy *Pleasures*,
And added to that ample store,
For ages, one true pleasure more,
Forget (if Memory can) the strains,
And take these couplets—for thy *Pains*.

Can Woman stir love's dying embers,
When haughty Man his wrongs remembers,
And all the tameness of a lover
Is with expiring courtship over?

What shall afford a wife protection
'Gainst a proud husband's recollection,
When Vengeance arms him for the field,
And she, the tyrant once, must yield?
Marriage, that sleight of hand, enables
Our sex on yours to turn the tables:
Bitters then mingle with the sweets
Of passion, ev'n in lawful sheets;
Bright eyes redeem their brows' arrear,
And every frown will cost a tear.

Condemned to lean on him alone
Whose fondness with her charms is flown,
And in her last and utmost need
To find him but a broken reed,
Dreading alike to meet or fly
His angry words and altered eye,
She feels his love transformed to hate
Through many a stormy *tête-à-tête*,

And, in a cold forsaken bed,
Mourns the sad hour that saw her wed!

Julia, howe'er your features lower,
The thing you most affect is power.
Envied by all, by none refused,
And gained no sooner than abused,
Of evil what a fertile root 'tis
In monarchs, ministers, and beauties!
Fain would they have us all fulfil
At the first nod their sovereign will,
And can't endure, without vexation,
The least demur or limitation.
'Tis thus they rule. For many a day
'Tis thus men passively obey;
Till Time assails their proud dominion
Through what 'tis built upon,—Opinion:
Till Nature whispers, "Slaves, be free!"
And then—good bye to tyranny.

But wherefore thus provoke hostilities?
Think, cousin, think how rash and silly 'tis!
My counsel ends as it began.
Patch up a treaty, while you can.
Abate your power;—'tis overgrown.
Unsafe is a despotic throne.
Give up departments you can spare,
And yield a province here and there:
Warned by *his* fate whose stubborn pride
Clung to an empire stretched too wide;
Who, in one stake, to end the game,
Heaped kingdoms, liberty, and fame;
Among the royal punters tost it,
Cried, "Seven's the main—" threw crabs, and lost it!

O, Julia, "in your hours of ease,
"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"
O, could I conjure any scrape
Of middling size, but awkward shape,

To tame you, ere I quitted Town,
And bring that haughty spirit down!
If any pearl you valued most
Were from your mouth or necklace lost;
Should the warm blood within your cheek
Be broken—or your banker break;
If in your tresses, here and there,
Some Gnome should plant a silver hair;
Or poachers sweep away your game,
Or Scandal nibble at your fame;
Thus chastened, soon would you discover
The value of so warm a lover,
Who to your shoe, howe'er it pinches,
Has pledged a faith that never flinches.

Yes, charmer, yes—there *is* a scrape
At hand, not easy to escape.
Pray, how will you secure your lover
Till these elections are blown over?

You know he 's more than twenty-one ;
And might, with little pains or none,
Sit by some friendly Jew's advance,
Or slip into a seat by chance.
'Tis thus what every body dreads
Is kindly thrown at people's heads,
'Tis thus that peerages are proffered,
And ribbons pressed, and mitres offered.
There 's no protection, no defence
Against this gentle violence.
Some receive pensions, others places,
As from the hands of all the Graces.
" They never had the slightest notion,—
" 'Twas all the Minister's own motion ;
" They fight, 'tis true, beneath his banner ;
" But—given in such a handsome manner—
" Never solicited or troubled—
" They feel the obligation doubled."
Ask not the meaning, or the force
Of words like these—They 're words of course ;

Sounds which, however strange to utter,
Add relish to men's bread-and-butter;
Like lowings heard in field or wood
When sated cattle chew the cud.

Charles, in his walks, may chance to meet
Some bustling agent in the street,
Some lordly patron there may woo him,
Some jobber take a fancy to him;
For though he'll never strain his throat
In making speeches, he can vote.
This is the moment:—they entreat,
Implore him to accept a seat;
Or, as their boroughs are implicit,
And don't expect their member's visit,
Without ev'n asking his consent,
Return him into Parliament.

Thus, sudden greatness thrust upon him,
Ambition wins as Love has won him,

Thus, half asleep, he gains the stake
From hundreds round him wide awake.
Down comes the writ—they meet—they choose him,
He takes to business,—and you lose him.
For ne'er, since Time began to move,
Has Business been the friend of Love.
Your desperate doters are the idle;
Employment puts on Fancy's bridle,
Unyokes from Venus' car the sparrows,
And breaks poor Cupid's bow and arrows. (3)

And now, with no design to quiz,
I 'll tell you what this bugbear is,
This mute inglorious toil and pain
That wears the body, not the brain.
Much more in many cases,—here
Much less is meant than meets the ear.
Just listen, and you 'll find a knack 'tis
Soon mastered by a little practice.

To calculate, with due precision,
The moment of the next division;
The art in proper time to cough;
The mysteries of pairing off;
When to be mute, and when to cheer
A modest member with a "Hear;"
The secret, ere debates begin,
Of whipping out—and whipping in
From Bellamy's, with checked digestion,
Just as the Speaker puts the question;
Such, Julia, are the hard conditions
Imposed on sucking politicians!

But Charles must sacrifice his ease
Sometimes, to heavier tasks than these.
Perchance, to settle who shall sit, he
Is tethered to some dull committee,
Where learned lawyers, having wrangled
For months, leave matters more entangled.

Joy to the candidates, who pay
From ebbing purses, day by day,
Hundreds for every fresh objection
Which leads them to—a *void election!*
Or, at the opening of the session,
Uniting courage with discretion,
Must strive his faltering tongue to teach
The echo of a royal speech,
In which the mover and the seconder
Too oft, alas! though clever reckon'd, err;
Or, when he meditates some far jaunt,
Is taken captive by the Serjeant,
From whose firm grasp no custodee
E'er yet escaped—without a fee;
Or posts, from some far-distant hall
Up, through ten counties, to a Call;
Or hurrying down at four (how pleasant!)
Sees, in dismay, not forty present,
Yet lingers, till, to end his doubt,
The punctual Speaker counts them out;

Or, fumbling at the door, is shocked
To find it mercilessly locked;
Or, when the weather warmer waxes,
Must help Vansittart through his taxes,
And, threatening those who heavy think 'em
With the laid ghost of that on Income,
Cry "question!" when the strongest side
To *conquer*—has but to *divide.*

What though thy floor, St. Stephen, yield
To gifted minds a glorious field;
Though rich the prize of those who aim
Within thy walls at power and fame,
And, through the struggles of debate,
Rule, or aspire to rule the State?—
Yet who in mere routine would waste
One grain of knowledge, sense, or taste?
Who, through a tedious session, bear
To slumber in the tainted air

Of crowded benches, glad to make
His dinner on a tough beef-steak,
Only to frank an ounce, and see
On all his letters' backs M. P.!
Who would obey a pressing note,
Night after night,—and sit, and vote
Against the grain, with no dominion
Over his seat or his opinion,
When Hume, instead of war-horse, mounts
His hard-mouthed hobby of accounts,
And on it, through prolonged debates,
Charges and routs the *Estimates;*
While from the vanquished host around
Issues, perforce, the victor-sound
Ne'er to delight the Treasury-Bench meant,
That sordid, hateful sound—Retrenchment?

Who would, as day begins to peep,
(The house half hungry, half asleep)

With many a yawn and inward curse,
Hear a bad speech—or make a worse?
Who from his party, like a rat, run,
To humour some capricious patron,
Some trimming father, whom his son dreads;
When he might take the Chiltern-Hundreds,
And in a trice resign his seat?
But that the terror of the Fleet,
Or King's Bench prison, from whose bourne
'Tis not so easy to return,
Urges the slave, with puzzled will,
To bear a heavier bondage still.

Folks rise and flourish and are undone
No where so quickly as in London.
Sudden they mount—like meteors glare—
Then, bursting, vanish into air;
And none but conjurors can know
Or whence they come, or where they go.

Hundreds, by folly or by fate,
Fall from their high and palmy state,
By thus indulging all their senses
In all conceivable expenses;
By squandering what 'twere vain to guess
In that grand article, their dress;
In boxes, miniatures, and rings,
And twenty more superfluous things
So necessary, that they must,
When money fails, be had on trust.
Each to the dice-box, each a prey is
To some kind nymph, some wheedling Thais,
Whose cottage, and whose town abode,
North though it be of Oxford-Road,
Whose suppers, diamonds, Opera-box,
And her snug income in the Stocks,
Have a strong tendency to get
Her friend *a little* into debt.

Here, Julia, doubtless you discover
A faithful image of your lover.
You paint him thus impoverished, harassed,
By Jews denied, by duns embarrassed,
No underwriter now to *do* him,
No Square-toes left to listen to him.
Gossips with whom you correspond
Give hints of mortgage, bill, and bond:
They 've heard, but cannot tell how true it is,
That the long list of his annuities
Encumbers with a lasting stain
Half the Black-book in Chancery-Lane.
By lies so easy to disprove
Your mind 's unsettled, and your love
Chilled by a fancy that my friend's
Aims at your rents and dividends.

Poor heiresses! These doubts *will* bore you.
You *will* suspect that men adore you

Not for yourselves, but for your money.
'Tis thus with gall you dash your honey;
These are the scorpions, whips, and racks
Of female wealth,—its income-tax.
But Charles (now pray remember this)
Sues not *in formâ pauperis,*
Which means, in a translation free,
He asks for love, not charity.
Money, indeed!—If Fate should send it,
He knows, like others, how to spend it.
Yet though his gold away has slipt,
Most eel-like, and his land be dipped,
He cares not, but, of half bereft,
Can gaily live on what is left.
And, cousin Julia, though I grant,
Scorning in any cause to cant,
He's much too wise to think the worse
Of Beauty for a brimming purse,
Still would his heart (nay, never doubt it)
Be yours, and yours alone, without it.

Besides, though prodigal of treasure,
Spoiled by the world, and prone to pleasure,
He 's not so wedded to his own
Enjoyments, and to those alone,
As to resemble in the least
What the French call an *Egoiste.*
Will give ungrudgingly, and lend
Without discretion to a friend.
In spite of Censure's angry tooth,
His faults are still the faults of youth;
Those weeds that grow among the flowers
Which bloom in her enchanted bowers.

Age, if it cannot cure, will mellow
The frailties of a generous fellow;
Age will instruct him to grow wiser;
But can he mend a youthful miser?
Who, more penurious as he 's older,
With closer fist, and bosom colder,

Takes hints from Time of closer shaving,
And new varieties of saving.
A niggard lad of twenty-four!
Think what a skin-flint at threescore!

Then mark the difference, pray,—'tis striking,
'Twixt red-hot love, and luke-warm liking.
One is all raptures, flames, and trances,
The love of novels and romances.
T' other 's a trick to win a wife,
The common-place of real life.
Now women, who, or free or modest,
Wish for a while to be be-goddessed,
Would fain the first of these inspire,
But must, since men will bid no higher,
On pain of being squeamish reckoned,
Ev'n put up tamely with the second.

Learn, then, perverse one, learn to prize
The triumph of your conquering eyes.

For Charles, whose feelings though not frantic
Have a strong touch of the romantic,
If not like knights, and squires, and pages,
Those marvels of the middle ages,
Loves you as well as modern man
In his right senses, ought or can.

The days of chivalry are past!
Those days too fair, too bright to last,
When Knighthood was the slave of Beauty
Ev'n to the "shadow of her shoe-tie."
No longer angry valour vents
Its rage in tilts and tournaments;
No doughty champions fight in armour
Each for his own transcendant charmer,
Each, with his quivering lance in rest,
For her, the fairest and the best,
Till, one or both of them unhorsed,
From life and lady lie divorced.

How faint in these degenerate days
" The echoes of departed praise," (4)
Since chivalry, alas! is banished,
And all its pomp and pride have vanished!
Instead of lances, lists, and banners,
How different are *our* arms and manners.
We, when our adversary dares us,
Combat by stealth,—for Bow-Street scares us;
Discharge our pistols at twelve paces
Genteelly in each other's faces,
Or fire, to make the seconds stare,
The' aforesaid pistols in the air.
And yet, when mistresses are cruel,
What remedy can match a duel?
Even a bare message has prevailed
When prayers and sighs and tears have failed.
But, meet your rival on the ground,
With the first fire the nymph comes round;
Once lay your finger on the trigger,
Once cock,—adieu to female rigour!

Women, 'tis certain, reap no laurels,
Dear Julia, from their lovers' quarrels,
'Twere better far to live without them,
When such their taste, than fight about them,
Yet for these glories did you pant,
Charles, no less gallant than galant,
Would reckon it a shameful blot
If backward to exchange a shot;
Would valiantly throw down a glove,
Or take a rival's up, to prove
At once his pistols and his love.
But since such daring deeds of arms
Can add no lustre to your charms,
Since harbouring half an ounce of lead
Improves no mortal heart or head,
Spare him, for all his trials past,
From this the silliest and the last;
Indulge your thwarted inclination,
And end his cruel, long probation!

But, Julia, here, methinks, 'twere better
To close this monitory letter;
The last of those which, well intended,
Should sheets ago, perhaps, have ended,
Since you 've abused outright, my cousin,
The privilege of kin, and chosen
To take, whate'er the cause may be,
No notice of the former three.
Tell me, has idleness o'ercome,
Or guilty conscience struck you dumb?
Do both with shame and pride combine,
Or anger? Not a single line
Have you, uncivil one, vouchsafed
To send me!—But perhaps you 're chafed;
Perhaps are ready to relent,
And silence, Julia, means consent.

Know, trifler, since you thus defy me,
Know I 've a copy ready by me

Of every line my Muse has penned
To soften you, and serve my friend.
Foiled by the post, I 'll try the press;
And, for a plausible address,
"To Julia."—'Tis, to pose the many,
As good a *nom de guerre* as any.
Some folks will take the broadest hint
Without offence, if given in print;
And these by my advice may profit,
Though *you*, perhaps, think little of it.
When printed, far from being thrown
Away on one, and one alone,
Like scattered shot, the self-same words
May chance to hit a dozen birds.
My counsels will not have miscarried
With every widow.—Ev'n the married
May bear, without a blush, the blame
Of Julia's faults, in Julia's name.

For wherefore those alone reprove
Who trifle with their suitors' love,
And, in mere wantonness, abuse it,
Heedless how soon they 're doomed to lose it?
Wives, Julia, wives too often make
As bad, if not a worse mistake,
Who struggle every day and hour,
Like you, for victory and power,
Spite of the balances and checks
That should restrain the softer sex.
Who, scorning gentle influence, strive
To govern by prerogative,
Till, weakened by an overstrain,
Snap goes the matrimonial chain.
'Tis true, the mystic knot, once tied,
Sets Law and Gospel on their side;
But, urged too strictly or too long,
The clearest right becomes a wrong;

And, as extremes for ever touch,
They forfeit all, who claim too much.

There's magic in the nuptial ring!
So Fancy paints, and poets sing.
But magic, as 'tis understood
In conjuring-books, is bad and good;
In kindness practised, or in spite,
By scores of witches, black and white.
The Genie of that ring (I'm loth
To own his trimming) dealt in both.
Hatred, and scorn, as well as love,
Within its narrow circle move;
And all,—love, hatred, joy, and mourning,
Depends upon the way 'tis worn in.

Thus Dervises (the tale is Persian;
Pray read it in the English version) (5)
Were changed, by force of certain switches
Left-handed—into piles of riches!

But the poor blunderer, who struck
With the right-hand, had different luck.
For lo! to teach him how to judge ill,
Each Dervise, brandishing a cudgel,
With hard and heavy blows, instead
Of money, left the wretch for dead.

Enough. I'll not repeat the jokes
Worn thread-bare upon married folks.
Darts quite as pointed from *their* quivers
Are aimed, in turn, at single-livers;
Since who from blame can stand aloof,
Or what condition's laughter-proof?
Enough.—No longer I'll digress.
Back, Muse, from wedlock to the press.

The paths of printing are mysterious,
I own,—the consequences serious;
Stern censure, ridicule uncheck'd,
Faint praise, and, worse than all—neglect;

The reader's frowns, the critic's stripes,
And other incidents of types,
When authors write to please themselves,
And copies sleep unsold on shelves.
But why stand shuddering on the brink?
Courage,—I'll venture,—swim or sink.
Past is the hour of hesitation;
So here (avaunt, deliberation!)
Off goes my packet in a hurry,
To take its chance with Mr. Murray.

Say, Julia, did you ever try
Your fortune in the lottery;
Where loss is easy to foretell,
And gain almost a miracle?—
How like, how very like, I feel
The Press is to a lottery-wheel
Both have their traps, and flattering schemes,
And puffs almost as true as dreams.

Yet, though thus closely they agree,
However rash the' adventure be,
I 'll curb my terror as it rises,
And risk my *numbers*—blanks, or prizes.

Julia, farewell! My words, I fear,
Fall blunted on your listless ear.
Julia, farewell! In language warmer
'Twere idle to upbraid you, charmer;
Though, could I summon to my aid
And hold communion with the shade
Of Prior, Swift, or Matthew Green,
Who warred against the monster, Spleen; (6)
Or could my fingers wield the pen
Poetic of those living men,
Those bards, who, dear to all the Nine,
Heed not the praise of tongues like mine;
My Muse, no novice in her art,
Might, through your senses, reach your heart;

Like the sweet lark might upward spring,
And, not content with chirping, sing.
But no.—The' aspiring wish is vain.
Too feebly flows my humble strain,
Destined to leave you as it found you,
Spoiled by the flatterers who surround you!

Hence, thirsty quill!—Thou shalt not drink
Nor waste another drop of ink
In chiding:—gentle or severe,
'Tis but of little use, I fear.
In verse or prose,—however taken,
Advice leaves stubborn wills unshaken:
And, Julia, who can tell if you
Will ever read these letters through,
Or reach my parting word——Adieu! (7)

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

NOTES.

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NOTES.

LETTER I.

Note 1, page 5, line 6.

Why have you thus poor Charles undone?

——— Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere?———

Horace, Ode 8. Book I.

To this Ode, the author of these rhymes is indebted for the first conception of what he has endeavoured to execute. It occurred to him that, by filling up such an outline on a wider canvass, it might be possible to exhibit a picture, if imperfect not unfaithful, of modern habits and manners, and of the amusements and lighter occupations of the higher classes of society in Eng-

land. Classical readers may not, perhaps, be displeased at meeting with occasional allusions to a favourite author; while to others they will be, at the worst, indifferent.

The plan of this poem having been, in the present edition, materially altered, some of these allusions have, necessarily, been omitted, and, as the Ode is so short, the notes are no longer encumbered with references to those that are still retained.

Note 2, page 10, lines 19 and 20.

Hence the smart miniatures inclosed
Of unknown candidates proposed.

These lines refer to what is said to have actually happened a few seasons ago. In a letter to one of the patronesses, requesting a subscription for a young lady then a stranger in London, came enclosed her portrait. But beauty itself is seldom current in high life without the stamp of fashion; and the device, though ingenious, was not successful.

Note 3, page 15, line 8.
The Macedoine *of London-talk.*

Macedoine is a French word of modern coinage, not to be found in the Dictionary of the Academy, but inserted in that of Wailly. It means a mixture of different fruits iced, such as confectioners prepare for desserts: also, a round game at cards, when each player chooses his own in succession.

Note 4, page 18, lines 10, 11, 12, 13.

Pressing on every side, and pressed
In Phebus' eye, from east to west,
With a fair chance, while thus they busy 'em,
To sleep that evening in Elysium.

——— from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium.———

Shaksp.

Note 5, page 24, line 2.
Apsley-Gate.

Hyde-Park-Corner.

Note 6, page 26, lines 15, 16, 17, 18.

O! that some undertaker had of 'em
A score or two! He'd be so glad of 'em,
To teach his mutes less lively paces
And sadden their too merry faces!

That this is not a very easy task, appears from the complaint of *Mr. Sable*, the undertaker, in Sir Richard Steel's amusing comedy—

"Look yonder at that hale well-looking fellow. Did I not pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did I not give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful? And the more I give you, I think the gladder you are."

The Funeral, Act 4. Scene 1.

Note 7, page 35, line 4.

Fair Musidora, conscious virgin.

—— Ev'n a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought.——

Thomson's Seasons. Summer.

Note 8, page 37, line 9.

Backed by the glittering skirts of London.

But O! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their *glittering skirts* unfold!

Gray.

Note 9, page 42, line 16.

So the Don *mingles with the* Thames.

Syrus in *Tiberim* defluxit *Orontes.*

Juvenal.

Note 10, page 43, lines 11 and 12.

"*Have you, my friend,*" *I've heard him say,*
"*Been lucky in your* turns *to-day?*"

A question actually put by a great master *en fait de Cravates* to one of his most promising pupils. The author is chargeable only with the rhymes, and with a little amplification.

Note 11, page 50, line 14.

But hark! The muffin-bell is ringing.

"I seldom venture out till I hear the muffin-bell."

Confessions by a Man of Fashion.

LETTER II.

Note 1, page 60, lines 1 and 2.

The Whig for female power and glory
As great a stickler as the Tory.

Upon a principle, or with a feeling so forcibly expressed in Junius's Letters—

"The divine right of Beauty is the only one an "Englishman ought to acknowledge, and a pretty "woman the only tyrant he is not authorised to "resist."

Note 2, page 63, lines 7 and 8.

Haste while you may. Behold! approaches
The last of yonder string of coaches.

The rule was till very lately settled that, even *after* half-past eleven, the whole string of coaches then formed in the street might deposit its contents in the ball-room. By this equitable construction many were admitted after midnight; but, now, the hour of limitation has been enlarged till twelve o'clock, and the privilege of the

string abolished. Very nice points however arise, and are stoutly argued in favour of the string on rainy nights; and My Ladies The Judges are known to have been divided in their opinions.

Note 3, page 65, line 5, &c.

Fair Worcester pleads with Wellington, &c.

After some hesitation, on account of a late melancholy event, the author has retained this passage, since, he trusts, there is nothing in it that can be painful to the feelings of any one connected with the much-lamented lady alluded to.

Note 4, page 69, lines 15 and 16.

Who, though five hundred are set down,
Finds chickens' wings for all the town!

A request from some one at supper to be helped to the *leg* of a chicken, was, it seems, overheard by the mistress of the feast. "I should be sorry indeed," she is reported to have said, "if, in my house, there were not chickens' *wings* enough for every body at table!"

Note 5, page 85, line 16.

Strolling through Coblentz, *to Tortoni's.*

A part of the Boulevards, bounded at one end by the Café Hardy, and at the other by the Café Tortoni, is called Coblentz, from having been, at one time, the resort of the emigrants. In fine summer-evenings it is lighted up, and much frequented as a promenade.

Note 6, page 91, lines 11, 12, 13.

Those mimic thunders in the air
Portend a fête extraordinaire
At Beaujon, or at Tivoli.

Besides these two gardens, there are others in the environs of Paris, on a smaller scale, and of less celebrity, such as the *Montagnes Russes,* the *Montagnes Belleville,* &c. at all of which you may be shot down, from a certain height, with considerable rapidity, and at very little risk. The fee for each descent is ten soûs a head, and many amateurs indulge in them to the amount of several francs a night. Whenever a *fête extraordinaire*

is to take place, it is announced during the day by discharges of musquetry and small cannon.

Note 7, page 99, line 10.

—— *Dunan's Duchess.*

A lady so created, somewhat hastily, by one of our leading English journals in the month of September, 1815, on the authority of an anonymous correspondent. Such waggeries are "pleasant, but wrong."

Note 8, page 99, line 12.

Old de R——, that veteran sinner.

A most ancient decoy-duck of the *Salons de jeu.*

Not to know *him* argues yourself unknown.

Note 9, page 99, lines 19 and 20.

Soon from his heart the hedgehog Play
Would drive the serpent Love away.

See a fable, in which the hedgehog holds

over, and keeps forcible possession against his landlord the serpent.

Note 10, page 100, line 19.

That oracle, the card and pin.

Instruments of divination, placed regularly round the *Rouge-et-noir* table. It is amusing to observe the diligence with which many of the gravest among the punters are engaged in pricking down every *coup*, during a whole evening. These wiseacres regulate their play according to the balance of blacks and reds, and the order in which those colours occur, with a hardihood of faith not unworthy of the middle ages.

Note 11, page 101, lines 3 and 4.

Some, till their funds and patience fail,
Trust to the treacherous Martingale.

A Martingale is when a punter, on losing his stake, doubles, or otherwise increases it in a certain progression. generally on the same colour. Martingales have been invented in great variety,

and plans of very ingenious ones are occasionally *purchased* by credulous punters, as the certain means of winning! Any of them would succeed, were not the Bank protected by the *Après*, and by refusing to cover a higher stake than twelve thousand francs. At this limit the Martingale, if not prematurely cut off, must die a natural death.

Note 12, page 101, lines 6, 7, and 8.

Set, ten times running on the black,
And thence, by chance or system led,
Shift, like boiled lobsters, to the red.

And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.
Hudibras.

Note 13, page 101, lines 16 and 17.

Still, falling ever and anon,
The frequent Après *wears the stone.*

The *Après* is when the same number is turned up on both colours. Should that number be thirty-one, which happens, upon calculation, once in

eight-and-twenty times, the Bank wins half the stake of all the punters; and consequently absorbs the whole, once in fifty-six times. "Monsieur," said an old habitué of the Rouge-et-noir table to a young beginner, "dès que votre Napoleon a paru cinquante-six fois,—il est *mangé!*"

LETTER III.

Note 1, page 113, line 2.

That Mrs. Grundy *of the Play.*

See the Comedy of Speed the Plough.

Note 2, page 122, lines 7 and 8.

Seems with her fairy-foot to set
The stock, sweet-pea, and mignonette.

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet.

Hudibras.

Note 3, lines 15 and 16.

Now fagged at balls through many a night,
Girls look like ghosts by candle-light.

—— simulacra, modis pallentia miris,
Visa sub obscurum noctis.
Virgil. Georg. i.

In the former editions of this poem, the author, having, in enumerating the signs at the close of a London-season, imitated, occasionally, Virgil's description of the prodigies on the death of Julius Cæsar, has here added a few lines, to complete a burlesque imitation of the entire passage;—with what success the reader will be the more readily enabled to determine by references in the subsequent notes. The order of the original lines is not exactly pursued, but they are all, more or less closely, alluded to.

Note 4, page 125, lines 1 and 2.

Folks through the season dumb as cattle,
Take courage, and at random prattle.

—— Pecudesque locutæ
Infandum !— Ibid.

Note 5, page 125, lines 4 and 5.

Dice in their boxes are asleep,
And ivory-counters *seem to weep.*

—— mœstum illacrymat templis *ebur,*

Ibid.

Note 6, page 125, lines 6 and 7.

Now orders fill our public places
With overheated brazen *faces.*

—— *Æraque sudant.*

Ibid.

Note 7, page 125, lines 8 to 11.

Now the New-River's *current swells*
The reservoir of Sadlers-Wells,
And, in some melo-drame of slaughter,
Floats all the stage with real water.

Proluit, insano contorquens vortice sylvas
Fluviorum rex *Eridanus,* &c.

Ibid.

Note 8, page 125, lines 12 and 13.

Now butchers mourn their tainted flesh,
And not a monger's fish is fresh.

—nec tempore eodem
Tristibus aut extis fibræ apparere minaces,
Ibid.

Note 9, page 125, lines 16 and 17.

And at the pumps, *as evening closes,*
You see no end of bloody noses.

Aut *puteis* manare cruor cessavit,
Ibid.

Note 10, page 125, lines 18, 19; and page 126, lines 1 and 2.

While sounds at midnight fill the air
Of mirth, and hunger, and despair,
From luckless nymphs, who mourn their calling,
Ungreeted but by watchmen bawling.

—— et altè
Per noctem resonare lupis ululantibus urbes.
Ibid.

Note 11, page 126, lines 3 and 4.

See how the blue and brilliant lights
Burst through the air on gala-nights!

— Quoties Cyclopum effervere in agris
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam!
Ibid.

Note 12, page 127, lines 3 to 6.

So the wild bulls, which once were found
Through many a waste on English ground,
In these degenerate days are known
To breed at Chillingham alone.

The seat of the Earl of Tankerville, in Northumberland. The wild cattle alluded to in the text are supposed to have been the original breed of the North of England, when the park at Chillingham was first inclosed, in the reign of Edward the First. Their size is small, their colour uniformly white, and they still retain their natural wildness, feeding principally at night, and so shunning the presence of man that it is possible to be many days at Chillingham, in the summer, without obtaining a sight of them.

They are, when required for the table, shot like deer; and the number in keep, at one time, varies from eighty to a hundred.

These animals, it is said, may be seen elsewhere in England, but the best authorities concur in confining the genuine breed to the Park at Chillingham alone.

Note 13, page 140, lines 1 to 4.

Now sounds through every manor flying
Give notice that new guns are trying;
Sportsmen on Yorkshire mountains grousing,
Feel the bog shake, and dread a sousing.

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit, insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
Ibid.

Note 14, page 140, lines 7 and 8.

Smote by his beams the river shrinks;
The dusty common yawns in chinks.

—— Sistunt amnes, terræque dehiscunt.
Ibid.

Note 15, lines 10 and 12, 15 and 16.

Dogs in the fancied chase grow hot,
And birds impatient to be shot.
The air, in short, the sea, the sun
Proclaim the Capital undone!

—— Tellus quoque, et æquora ponti,
Obscœnique canes, importunæque volucres
Signa dabant.

Ibid.

Note 16, page 152, line 10.

In order to suppress *the fox.*

Il me semble qu'en Angleterre, avant tout, il faut *supprimer* les renards.

Miscellaneous Observations, by Madame de Stäel.

LETTER IV.

Note 1, page 166, line 10.

Their cry, like Renault's, is for blood.

See the Tragedy of Venice Preserved.

Note 2, page 166, lines 12 and 13.

——*those heraldic, high-born charms,*
Pinched waists, long necks, and bony arms.

Cherea, in Terence's play, enters his protest against this estimate of female beauty, which appears to have antiquity, at least, to plead in its behalf.

Haud similis virgo est virginum nostrarum, quas matres student
Demissis humeris esse, vincto pectore, ut graciles sient.
Si qua est habitior paulo, pugilem esse aiunt, deducunt cibum.
Tametsi bona est natura, reddunt curaturâ junceas.
Itaque ergo amantur.——

Ter. Eun. Act. 2. Scen. 3.

Note 3, page 178, lines 8, 9, and 10.

Employment puts on Fancy's bridle,
Unyokes from Venus' car the sparrows,
And breaks poor Cupid's bow and arrows.

Otia si tollas, periêre Cupidinis arcus.
Ovid.

Note 4, page 190, lines 1 and 2.

How faint, in these degenerate days,
The echoes of departed praise!

Such the faint echoes of departed praise!
Palestine.
By the Rev. Reginald Heber.

Note 5, page 195, line 15.

Thus Dervises—the tale is Persian, &c.

See "Ingratitude Punished, an Eastern Story," in the Pleasing Instructor, page 57.

Note 6, page 198, line 12.

——— *Matthew Green,*
Who warred against the monster Spleen.

In a Poem, which those who do not possess the

works of this author will find in Dodsley's Collection.

Although the execution of it is, throughout, inferior to its conception; though the language is often homely, the construction harsh, and the rhymes such as neither the eye nor the ear would willingly acknowledge; these defects are amply atoned for by striking excellencies. It is full of original thoughts, and lively ingenious allusions,—such, as those the least disposed to agree with the author in his views and opinions, must yet be delighted with. Extracts from "The Spleen" are to be met with in many compilations, but the whole of it is well worth perusal.

Note 7, page 199, lines 14 and 15.

And, Julia, who can tell if you
Will ever read this letter through.

E tu, chi sa se mai
Si sovverrai di me!

Metastasio.

LINES

WRITTEN AT

AMPTHILL-PARK,

IN

THE AUTUMN OF 1818.

A NEW EDITION.

—— *Locos lætos, et amœna vireta*
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas. VIRG.

TO

HENRY RICHARD VASSALL,

LORD HOLLAND,

THE PROPRIETOR OF AMPTHILL-PARK,

THESE LINES ARE INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF

THE SINCEREST RESPECT AND REGARD,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

Ampthill-Park is situated close to the market-town of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire; about twelve miles from Dunstable, seven from Woburn, and on the direct road from Oxford to Cambridge. A few Notes, chiefly with a view to illustrate its local history, are added to the following lines.

Although neither of sufficient extent nor magnificence to attract general curiosity, it is remarkable not only on account of its natural beauty, but from many interesting associations.

Having been the residence of Queen Catherine of Arragon, while the process for her divorce was going on at the neighbouring Priory of Dunstable, it has, like every other place and person even slightly connected with the Reformation in England, been noticed in the general history of the country.

At a more remote period, the Castle of Ampthill was founded and inhabited by Cornwall, Lord Fan-

hope and Milbrook, a military chief connected by marriage with the crown, and highly distinguished in a profession which, in that turbulent age, was almost the only road to wealth and honours. In modern times, Ampthill and Houghton have been the residence or the resort of a succession of persons eminent for station, or character, or abilities.

In one of these parks is the site of the ancient Castle alluded to; in the other are the picturesque remains of a mansion erected when civil architecture first began to flourish amongst us, and noticed by Fuller as one of the houses of the best account standing, in his time, in Bedfordshire.

Such circumstances naturally give rise to feelings and reflections which though local in their origin, are of universal concern and application. These are peculiarly adapted to poetry, and the author has endeavoured so to avail himself of them as to render his subject not wholly uninteresting to the reader.

LINES

WRITTEN AT

AMPTHILL-PARK.

I leave thee, Ampthill:—O'er the billowy swell
  That heaves thy grassy slopes no more I rove:—[1]
But long shall Memory feel the magic spell
  Unbroken, which thy loveliness has wove.

Lingering, I turn to mark how Nature's hand
  Has o'er yon steep her sylvan mantle thrown,
And ask can Wealth create, or Power command
  The beauties which are hers, and hers alone?

She builds no forms of savage grandeur here,
No gloomy caverns yawn, no deserts frown,
No torrents, deafening the affrighted ear,
Rush from their parent-rocks, in thunder, down.

But every milder charm around is spread,
Fair shapes, and glowing hues;—and many a tree
Through vale and upland lifts its tufted head,
Towering in blended grace, and majesty.

How fresh the air! what fragrance from the ground
Steams upward, as the cloudless orb of day
Sinks to the west, and all the landscape round
Basks in the splendor of his parting ray!

This is thy magic pencil, Autumn,—thine
These deepening shadows, and that golden glow
Rich as the gems which, in some eastern mine,
Athwart the gloom their mingled radiance throw.

See where yon oaks, bathed in the amber flood,
Soften its lustre with their mellow green,
Telling how long those reverend forms have stood,[(2)]
And what their strength and beauty once have been!

They wreathe their roots, they fling their branches wide
O'er the bright meadow, as in ages past:
Deep in their native earth at anchor ride,
And brave the onset of the wintry blast.

These, yet uninjured, wave their leafy heads,
Sheltering the flocks, as they recline or graze
O'ercanopied,—what time the Dog-Star sheds
Full on the withered turf his fiercest blaze.

Others, ere long the general doom to meet,
Mourn the last relics of their youthful prime.
Not idly on their stubborn crests have beat
The' unwearied pinions of all-conquering Time.

Ev'n then, when England bowed to Cromwell's yoke, (3)
Destined to bear his thunder o'er the main
Their veteran-limbs had felt a mightier stroke,
And with their scattered fragments strewed the plain.

Yet, in decline still beautiful, they shew,
Verdure above, while cankered all beneath;
Fate still suspends the last uplifted blow,
Still, lingering life contends in vain with death.

Since these were acorns—since their course has run
From youth to age, from vigour to decay,
What deeds have in the busy world been done!
What thrones have sunk, what empires passed away!

And Man, inconstant Man! how has he changed
His manners, language, garb, religion, laws!
Through what a shifting course his steps have ranged,
Toiling for power, or riches, or applause!

Yet though on earth full oft has been renewed
  The transitory race,—whate'er his aim,
By hope excited, or by fear subdued,
  His feelings, virtues, crimes, are still the same.

Haply, fair oaks, beneath your ample shade,
  Knights, lance to lance, in mortal feud have strove,
Hunters have wound the horn, and pilgrims prayed,
  And maidens owned their long-dissembled love.

There oft, from toil released, has Age reposed,
  And Child-hood sported, in the sultry noon:
There the poor outlaw's watchful eyes have closed,
  Till on his broken slumbers rose the moon.

But who the story, Ampthill, shall relate
  Of thy brief masters,—of their joys, and pains;
Record their hardy deeds, their doubtful fate,
  Or point where buried lie their proud remains,

Since old Albini, and his Norman band (4)
  Wrung a hard pittance from the half-tilled soil;
Since tyrant-hunters through the prostrate land
  Urged the hot work of unrelenting spoil?

Frowning above the tangled forest then
  Full many a huge misshapen fortress stood
In loneliness—no dwelling, but the den
  Of some stern chief, some ruthless man of blood.

Nor distant far the convent, guilt-endowed,
  Whose priests pronounced his ransomed sins forgiven,
When Conscience, with a voice too deep and loud,
  Cried to his parting soul—Despair of heaven!

Such were the Lords of England!—Homes like these
  Harboured and bred the fierce unlettered race:
Quick was their eye to mark, their hand to seize
  The plunder of the battle, and the chase.

Such were the Lords of England!—Faith like this
Controuled their savage force—while holy fraud
Peopled with muttering monks the realms of bliss,
And claimed for cloistered Man the power of God!

But mournful is the poet's task who sings
Of days so dark and distant,—of the life (5)
Of Rufus, or of Stephen, barbarous Kings,
Their iron rule, and their inglorious strife.

That long and cheerless night, ere yet the dawn
Of Science beamed upon the gladdened world;
Ere Superstition, with her veil withdrawn,
Down from her blood-cemented throne was hurled.

Yet by the Muse must Fanhope be unsung?—
Fanhope, whose grace and gallant bearing went (6)
Deep to a royal heart, when, bold and young,
He conquered in the manly tournament.

Cornwall, The Green,—such was the name he bore, (7)
Marking his birth upon those emerald-waves
That lash the Angel's Mount with ceaseless roar,
When Winter o'er the vexed Atlantic raves.

Here, at his bidding, towered above the plain (8)
Thy stately Castle, Ampthill.—Britain's isle
Amidst her sons had called to arms in vain
A braver chieftain from a nobler pile.

Hither, in triumph, from the "laureate field"
Of Agincourt, he brought the spoils of France; (9)
Here idle hung the time-worn warrior's shield,
Unplumed his helm, uncouched his blunted lance.

Where is the voice of revelry and mirth
Through all the vassal-country echoed wide,
When courteous knights and dames of gentle birth
Bent in proud homage to his princely bride?

Where is the Castle now, whose thick-ribbed walls
The foe's assault so oft, unshaken, bore?—
Its battlements are swept away, its halls
Are sunk,—its very ruins are no more!

And many a heedless foot has pressed the spot
Where once it stood,—till yon fair Cross arose,(10)
Telling a tale that will not be forgot
Of ill-starred Catherine,—of her wrongs and woes.

Yes,—ere their doom was sealed, on Ampthill's towers
Fortune a ray of parting glory cast;
Though graced and honoured oft, in happier hours,
The noblest guest they sheltered was the last.(11)

Here, as I muse, my fancy paints thee now,
Daughter of Arragon!—That royal mien
Bespeaks thee, through the grief that clouds thy brow,
Through all a woman's sorrows,—still a queen.

Thy handmaid-rival is his destined bride!—(12)
What can restore the tyrant to thy arms,
Though earth and heaven were warring on thy side,
'Gainst Henry's headstrong will, and Anna's charms?

Thy tears, thy pleaded constancy and truth,
But fan the flames which in his bosom rise,
While beauty unenjoyed, and blooming youth
Play round her cheek, and sparkle in her eyes.

Yet stood'st thou firm in that disastrous hour,
Resolved in silence to submit thy cause
Rather to open force and princely power,
Than coward-judges and perverted laws.

Yet widowed thus, forsaken, and oppressed,
"Reft of a crown," insulted in thy love,
Faith held her stedfast empire o'er thy breast,(13)
And whispering angels cheered thee from above.

Peace to thee, Catherine!—On the russet grass
Where the worn path imprints yon terraced height,
Courting the freshness of the breeze, I pass,
And with the opening landscape feast my sight.

How gracefully the green and swelling mound
Stoops to the valley!—Not unblest who roves
Or lingers on its brink, and views, around
Far-stretched, this lovely scene,—these plains and groves.

Who climbs where Houghton rears her hills, in fame
Allied to Ampthill, crowned with many a tree
Of shape and hue nor different, nor the same;—
Such should the kindred-forms of sisters be. (14)

The terraced walk, the turf that gently swells,
Adorn them both;—beneath the' enchanted eye
Wide-spreading oaks along their shady dells
And their rough knolls, in rival beauty, lie.

And, in this moment, as yon golden globe
Full in the' horizon flaming, braves the west,[15]
Both share the' impartial splendor, in a robe
From the same loom,—of heaven's own colours, drest.

It fires yon woodland promontory now,[16]
Which from the mists of autumn, as they sail
Along the meadow, rears its lofty brow,
And with a leafy rampart bounds the vale.

Here will I pause.—How quick the sunny breaks
O'er thy grey tower, romantic Milbrook, pass![17]
Touched by the slanting beam, what hues it takes,
Ere Evening blends them in one shadowy mass!

And lo! where, nearer still, in tufted trees
Half sunk, and ivy-clad, rude forms arise
Of antique masonry,—the shattered frieze
Beneath them, and the broken column lies.

Stranger! these pinnacles, and roofless walls,
And clustering chimneys, mark the spot where stood
Chambers once tenanted, and spacious halls,
The mansion of the "fair, and wise, and good." (18)

Here, in the fabric which her hands had raised,
Dwelt "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"—here
On all so bright and beautiful she gazed,
Blessing, and blest, through many a changeful year.

And Fame has told, (why is the tale disproved?) (19)
Or bards have dreamed (O! were the vision true!)
That here her kinsman-knight enraptured roved,
And from these scenes his own "Arcadia" drew.

Thus will men's feelings and fond wishes blind
Their faith!—to yonder legendary tree
The rustic points, boasting how there reclined
Sidney, the flower of English chivalry.

Now is that once proud dwelling desolate.
  From blazing hearths the smoke ascends no more:
No human step, no voice, within the gate,
  Recalls the memory of the days of yore.

Along the courts with cumbrous ruins filled,
  Rank weeds and wiry grass obstruct my way;
There reptiles lurk, there owls in darkness build,
  And soaring kites dart headlong on their prey.

Yet still, as if in mockery they remained,
  Behold where gleam in sculptured stone on high
Amid the general wreck unhurt, unstained,
  The crests and scutcheons of quaint heraldry! (20)

Hence, empty blazons, hence! How vain your boast,
  When Strength and Beauty from these walls are fled;
Vain as the hovering of some steel-clad ghost
  Round the damp vaults where sleep the mighty dead!

But long shall yonder ancient bower be seen[21]
  Within the varnished holly's fence enclosed;
And paths be trodden yet, and haunts look green
  Where Age and Youth have wandered or reposed.

How frail the fabrics of Man's feeble hand!
  Pass but a few short years, they melt away.
Thine, Nature, thine are adamant,—they stand
  Impassive in their strength, and mock decay.

The hill endures,—the valley, and the stream.
  The elements, the varying seasons last.
The glorious sun shines with as bright a beam
  Now, as through all the countless ages past.

Rome's mouldering amphitheatre in vain
  The long-suspended stroke of Time derides;
But still Soracte crowns the Latian plain,
  As when the snow first veiled its glittering sides.[22]

Ev'n the proud pyramids shall crumble down,
  And meanly mingle with their native earth,
While on their unregarded dust shall frown
  The marble rocks and caves which gave them birth.

But twilight comes apace.—The village-chimes
  Are on the breeze.—Returning, I pursue
My homeward way, where, through o'ershadowing limes,
  On to the Mansion leads the avenue.(23)

There Mirth has brightened many a beaming eye,(24)
  Persuasion dwelt on many a tuneful tongue,
And listening Beauty has sat silent by,
  While statesmen held debate, and poets sung.

Encircled thus by all his heart held dear,
  By friends and children, say, does earth afford
Aught fairer than the wreath which, blooming here,
  Crowned, in his own domains, their happy lord?

What boasts he now of all so long possessed,
So nobly used!—Tears were in every eye
When those, alas! who knew and loved thee best
Bent o'er thy grave, lamented Ossory!

Yet was Death merciful. A lingering course
He held not, nor prolonged the' unequal strife,
But sudden came, and with resistless force
Checked the bright current of thy prosperous life.

A long, a last farewell!—To whom remain
These uplands now?—to him, who, yet a child,
Here bounded, roe-like, once—o'er hill and plain,
On the smooth lawn, and in the forest wild

Oh! what a gift Affection has bequeathed!
How dear to him, in manhood's prime, must be
The soil he trod, the very air he breathed
In the blithe hours of careless infancy!

As his eye glances, as his footsteps roam,
How grateful Memory loves each spot to trace
Where once the happy school-boy, welcomed home,
In his fond kinsman's viewed a father's face!

Holland and Ampthill!—Be the names combined
Through unborn ages:—o'er this hallowed ground
Ne'er may the spoiler tread, nor wasting wind
Nor axe among these storied woods resound.

Still may these happy social walls be graced
As now, by knowledge, and by manly sense
Wedded to childhood's mirth, by classic taste,
And sparkling wit, and vigorous eloquence.

Ere darkness closes on so bright a day,
Long, long around his hospitable board
'Mid kindred spirits, with unfading ray,
The sunshine of its Master's mind be poured.

Ne'er be the liberal thought, the generous deed
  Unhonoured here;—ne'er unresisted be
"The' oppressor's wrong," nor the relentless creed
  Forged for her slaves by tyrant-Bigotry.

Here cease my numbers. Time is hurrying on:
  Hours of delight, how quickly are you past!
Down from the glimmering west the sun is gone,
  And Night has waved her ebon-wand at last.

I leave thee, Ampthill!—O'er the billowy swell
  Which heaves thy grassy slopes no more I rove:
But long shall memory feel the magic spell
  Unbroken, which thy loveliness has wove!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 231, lines 1, 2.

———*O'er the billowy swell*
That heaves thy grassy slopes———

The shape of the ground in Ampthill-Park abundantly justifies this description, resembling, as it does, the smooth swell of the sea in a dead calm, from the effect of a gale that has subsided.

Note 2, page 233, line 3.

Telling how long those reverend forms have stood.

The oaks in Ampthill-Park are remarkable for their number and beauty. Some are still sound and flourishing, but the greater part of little value in the

eyes of a timber-merchant, though just in the state which a poet or a painter would desire. Perhaps none more picturesque are to be found in England, nor of higher antiquity. A few, in the very last stage of decay, have long cast their shadows "trunco, non frondibus."

Note 3, page 234, line 1.

Ev'n then, when England bent to Cromwell's yoke.

The timber in Ampthill-Park was surveyed in the year 1608 by Sir Julius Cæsar, who reported it to contain 25,112 timber-trees, value 7722*l.*, and 1018 decaying trees, value 429*l.* Among these latter were no doubt many of the oaks which are still so great an ornament to the place. In the year 1653, during the Protectorate, another survey was taken by order of Parliament, in which 287 oaks are mentioned as hollow, and unfit for the use of the Navy. This report "incertam excussit radice securim."

Note 4, page 236, line 5, &c.

Since old Albini, &c.

The Manor of Ampthill belonged, at the time of

the Norman Survey, to the Baronial family of Albini, from whom it passed, by female heirs, to the St. Amands and the Beauchamps.

Note 5, page 237, line 7, &c.

—— of the life
Of Rufus, or of Stephen, barbarous kings.

It was in the reign of Stephen that the strong holds of the feudal barons were multiplied beyond all former example. There were then in England above eleven hundred castles; and (in the language of a contemporary historian) " tot tyranni, quot domini castellorum."

Note 6, page 238, line 2.

Fanhope, whose grace and gallant bearing went
Deep to a royal heart.—

In the year 1441, Ampthill, with the adjoining estates, was conveyed by one of the Beauchamps to Sir John Cornwall, afterwards created Lord Fanhope, a distinguished military character in the reigns of Henry IV. and V. At a tournament, at York, in 1401, he gained the heart of Elizabeth of Lancaster,

the Sister of Henry IV. and widow of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, and, on his marriage with this Princess, received the order of the Garter. He died at Ampthill in the year 1443.

Note 7, page 238, line 5.

Cornwall, The Green,—such was the name he bore.

He was born at sea, in the bay of St. Michael's Mount, and therefore called The Green Cornwall. No circumstance or quality seems to have originated more names, or nick-names, than that of colour.

Note 8, page 238, lines 9, 10.

Here, at his bidding, towered above the plain
Thy stately Castle, Ampthill!

Lord Fanhope was the founder of Ampthill-Castle. Leland says it was built "of such spoils as he won in France," and describes it as "standing," in his time, "stately on a hill, with a foure or five toures of stone in the inner ward, besides the basse courte." He adds, "it may chaunce that the marriage of the King's sister was a great cause of the sumptuous building there."

Note 9, page 238, lines 13, 14.

Hither, in triumph, from the laureate field
Of Agincourt, he heaped the spoils of France.

And Worcester's *laureate field.*
Milton. Sonnets.

In the battle of Agincourt, Lord Fanhope was one of the chosen officers who had post in the van, with the Duke of York.

Note 10, page 239, lines 9, 10.

— Many a heedless foot has pressed the spot
Where once it stood,—till yon fair Cross arose.

On, or near the site of the Castle, a gothic stone-Cross was erected in the year 1770, by the late Earl of Upper-Ossory. A public foot-path passes close to this Cross, along the brow of the hill, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect. Engraved on its base are the following lines from the pen of an author better known by his name than his title, Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

In days of old, here Ampthill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injured queen.

Here flowed her pure but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner waved
And Love avenged a realm by priests enslaved.
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

Note 11, page 239, last line.

The noblest guest they sheltered was the last.

Soon after the year 1527, the estate of Ampthill became vested in the crown, probably by an exchange with Reginald Grey, Earl of Kent, whose family acquired it, either by purchase or descent, after the death of Henry Duke of Exeter. Upon this exchange, it was made an honour by act of Parliament. Catherine of Arragon resided here while her divorce was pending, and was cited from hence to attend the commissioners at Dunstable, but refused to appear. There is no account of the castle, or of its inhabitants, during the subsequent reigns. Probably it was suffered to go to decay, as the survey made by order of Parliament, under the Protectorate, speaks of it as having been, long before, totally demolished.

Osbournè, in the Traditional Memoirs of his own Time, mentions that the honour of Ampthill was conferred by James I. upon Sir Thomas Erskine, who had rescued the King in the conspiracy of Gowrie, and killed Alexander Ruthven with his own hand. "No small present," he calls it, "at one time." This Sir Thomas, then Viscount Fenton, was afterwards created Earl of Kelly. The same author, who expresses upon all occasions an utter contempt of James, says, that when accoutered for the chase, he resembled "a host at Ampthill."

Note 12, page 240, line 5.

Thy handmaid-rival is his destined bride.

Shakspeare does not fail to touch on this circumstance of bitter aggravation. Cardinal Wolsey, when musing on Henry's intended marriage with Anne Boleyn, exclaims—

The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
Hen. VIII. Act 3, Scene 2.

Note 13, page 241, lines 3 and 4.

Faith held her stedfast empire o'er thy breast,
And whispering angels cheered thee from above.

Catherine's dream, in her last illness, is imagined with striking conformity to her situation and character.

Cath. Saw ye none enter while I slept?
Griff. None, Madam.
Cath. No?—Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear—I shall
Assuredly.

Hen. VIII. Act 4, Scene 2.

Note 14, page 241, lines 15 and 16.

—— *not differing, nor the same;*
Such should the kindred-forms of sisters be.

——— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

Ovid. Metam.

Ampthill and Houghton may, poetically, be considered as sisters. Both, in early times, belonged to the same person, from whom they were conveyed to Lord Fanhope. Fuller, in his "Worthies," when he speaks of Ampthill (where no building then existed) as boasting "one of the three houses of the best credit in Bedfordshire," confounds it with Houghton, which is situated partly in Ampthill-parish. The two enclosures are divided only by the road, and, together, occupy the hilly and wooded ground so remarkable in a generally level country. The surface of both is beautifully varied, and clothed with abundance of fine trees.

Note 15, page 242, line 6.

braves the west.

Makes it fine, splendid.

> The sun disdains to shine, for, by the book,
> He should have *braved the east* an hour ago.
>
> Rich. III. Act 5, Scene 3.

Note 16, page 242, line 9.

It fires yon woodland promontory now.

From this spot there is a very striking view of both the Parks, the tower of Milbrook-Church, the ruins of Houghton, and the vale of Bedford.

Note 17, page 242, lines 13 and 14.

—— *How quick the sunny breaks*
O'er thy grey tower, romantic Milbrook, pass!

The picturesque village of Milbrook is about a mile from Ampthill. As part of that property, it belonged to Sir John Cornwall, who, the year after he was created Lord Fanhope, received the additional title of Baron of Milbrook.

Note 18, page 243, line 8.

The mansion of the "fair, and wise, and good."

Houghton-Park was purchased, in the beginning of the reign of James I. by the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, whose fame still survives in the epitaph ascribed to Ben Jonson, part of which has been moulded into the text. By her the building now in ruins was erected. Its

architecture was of the mixed kind so prevalent at that period.

Note 19, page 243, line 13.

And Fame has told, (why is the tale disproved!)

In Houghton-Park a tree is shewn under which Sir Philip Sidney is said to have written some of his works. But this tradition must be without foundation, as he died many years before his sister, Lady Pembroke, had acquired any interest or property in the place.

—— Sic extortâ voluptas,
Et demptus, per vim, mentis gratissimus error!

Note 20, page 244, last line.

The crests, and scutcheons of quaint heraldry.

On the south front of these ruins there still remain entire, on the frieze, various monograms, and devices of the families of Sidney and Dudley.

Note 21, page 245, line 5.

But long shall yonder ancient bower be seen.

Near the walls, there is a fragment of an old-

fashioned garden, which, if not so ancient as they are, " merite bien de l'être," being an accompaniment quite in harmony with the ruined building.

Note 22, page 246, lines 3 and 4.

But still Soracte crowns the Latian plain,
As when the snow first veiled its glittering sides.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte?—

Whether such was, in Horace's time, the usual winter-dress of the mountain, or worn in seasons of extraordinary rigour only, does not appear. But it may be questioned if, since its ancient appellation has been so strangely travestied, the snow has ever lain deep on the sides, or on the summit of *St. Oreste.*

Note 23, page 246, line 12.

On to the Mansion leads the avenue.

The present Mansion was built in the year 1694, by the first Lord Ashburnham. It was purchased, with the estate of Ampthill, in the year 1720, by Viscount Fitz-William, who sold it, in the year 1736,

to Lady Gowran, the grandmother of the late Earl of Upper Ossory. He died in the month of February, 1818, having devised the estates of Ampthill and Houghton to his nephew, Lord Holland, their present proprietor.

Note 24, page 246, stanza 3.

There Mirth has brightened many a beaming eye, &c.

Among the friends of Lord Ossory, who formed, at different periods, the Society at Ampthill-Park, were some of the most distinguished persons of their time in England. His brother General Fitzpatrick, Messrs. Fox, Burke, Wyndham, Horace Walpole, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Garrick, &c. The catalogue might be enriched with many living names, were not those already enumerated sufficient to justify the expressions in the text.

THE END.

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